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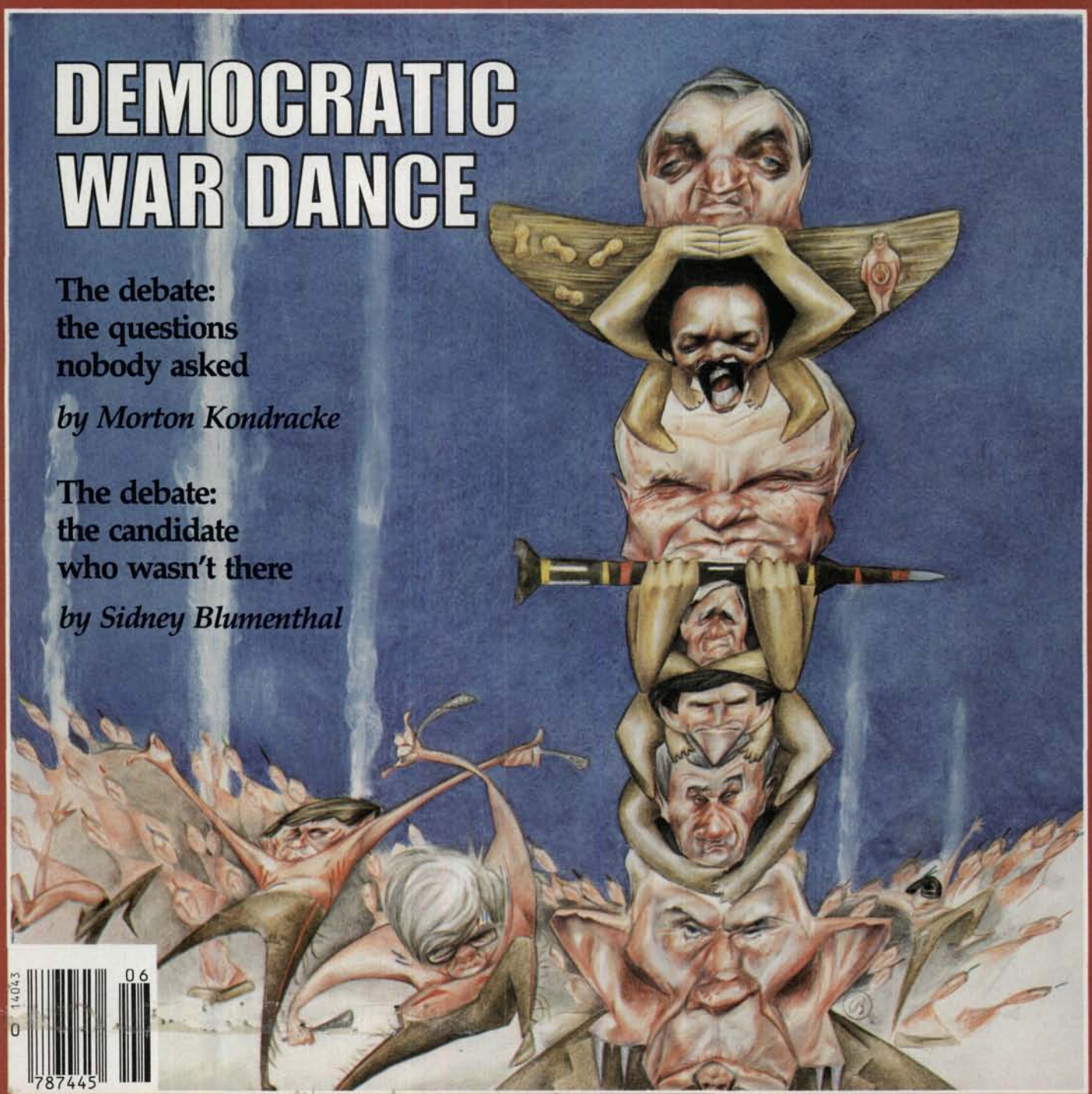

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CORRESPONDENCE

TWO-TRACK MIND

To the editors:

I am pained by the bellicose assumptions of TNR's editorial policy as it relates to Nicaragua ("Two Tracks in the Wilderness," December 31).

The assumption that Nicaragua is under the control of the Soviet Union can be supported only by selectively quoting the most outrageous rhetoric that has emerged from Managua since Somoza fled in 1979. An analysis of what Nicaragua has *done* as against what a few zealots there have *said* leads one to a rather different conclusion. They need and want our friendship and our trade, but they cannot and will not go back to the domination and exploitation that has characterized their past relationships with the United States.

I also have to take issue with your assumption that Nicaragua is overarmed for reasonable defense efforts. If Nicaragua is so threatening, where is the Honduran counterpart to the more than six hundred Nicaraguan peasants killed in *contra* raids from sanctuaries in Honduras? Where in Honduras have Nicaraguans bombed an airport and destroyed gasoline storage facilities as the *contras* did in Managua and Corinto? And where are the Nicaraguan counterparts to the spy planes flying over Nicaragua? The answers are simple: no such Nicaraguan threat exists.

TNR is ready to assume that the F.D.N. is relatively benign, saying that "no doubt there are former guardsmen in the military command." It is far more reasonable to assume that disgruntled Somocistas would share leadership with equally vindicative right-wingers who lack only the experience of receiving their training directly from Somoza.

Your final assumption, that we can produce democracy by a show of force, is the centerpiece of President Reagan's policy, and is the most flawed. Isn't this the formula that the United States has tried repeatedly: in Iran (remember Mossadegh), in Chile (remember Allende), and in Guatemala (remember Arbenz). Isn't it clear by now that the old force formula didn't work, isn't working, and won't work?

Nicaragua isn't perfect. The Sandinistas have stupidly mistreated the Miskito Indians; they limit their press; they place more emphasis on being "Sandinista" than on being Nicaraguan; and they have the backlog of criminal cases mentioned in the TNR editorial.

Nicaragua, however, is also a society which, after deposing a tyrannical government, has not executed any political prisoners; which has abolished the death penalty; which has raised its literacy rate from 47 percent to 88 percent in four years; which has signed and, with the exceptions noted, has lived up to the U.N. Covenant on Human Rights; and whose press is freer than that of Honduras, Guatemala, or El Salvador.

We should be trying to support them instead of using our tax dollars to destabilize them. But, to paraphrase Tolstoy, it appears that we will do anything for a poor nation, anything but get off its back.

JOE W. STRALEY
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

HEY, BIG SPENDER

To the editors:

Governor Bruce Babbitt's article, "Budget Gridlock" (TNR, December 31), is a refreshing call for fiscal restraint and reorientation of social programs toward the needy. His descriptions of the Reagan Administration's attitude on this issue, however, are misleading.

Mr. Babbit claims that President Reagan and David Stockman are "relentlessly asserting" budget priorities that favor middle-class programs over anti-poverty programs, and implies that they have consistently opposed needs tests on social programs, a concept that Mr. Babbitt rightly supports. These claims overlook a number of very important facts.

Mr. Stockman endorsed needs tests in the spring 1975 *Public Interest*, and again in the July 25, 1983, *Washington Times*, and President Reagan has referred favorably to a Social Security needs test (*Human Events*, February 26, 1983). In 1981, Mr. Reagan and Mr. Stockman successfully proposed a needs test for the previously unrestricted Guaranteed Student Loan program, and, in 1983, they argued, over Democratic objections, that any plan providing health insurance for the unemployed should include a needs test. When the media reported in September 1982 that Mr. Stockman was considering a Medicare needs test, a Senate resolution condemning such a plan was passed with support from all forty-five Democrats present.

Mr. Babbitt is right to criticize Reagan for the PIK giveaway and excessive cutbacks in A.F.D.C. and food stamps. The facts, however, do not support Mr. Babbitt's claim that Mr. Reagan is "just another opportunistic and highly partisan politician," nor do they clear the Democratic Party of these traits.

ALAN D. VIARD
New Haven, Connecticut

To the editors:

Bruce Babbitt says, "It is worth recalling that the military expenditures in the Kennedy Administration added up to 9 percent of G.N.P., and that today, even with the Reagan increases, military expenditures remain below the Kennedy level at 7 percent of G.N.P." That statement, though true, misleads. Military spending is not at a lower level in constant dollars today than it was during the Kennedy Administration. The fact is that defense spending today is far outpacing inflation and, in constant dollars, exceeds defense spending in the Kennedy years by billions of dollars.

Mr. Babbitt has gone astray by failing to adjust for the increase in the employed labor force which, since 1960, has increased more than 50 percent. Using the percentage of G.N.P., unadjusted for labor force growth, is quite sound for making comparisons of changes in most nondefense spending, because such spending, in most cases, is a function of the growth in population. Except to a very limited extent, defense spending is not.

Assume that today's employed labor force doubled in size. G.N.P. would probably be twice as large. Does it follow that defense spending in dollar amounts should be twice as large? Mr. Babbitt's measurement method says yes. Common sense says no.

The proper way to measure the growth in defense spending is to compare it with the rise in an index of prices. Had defense spending grown with the Consumer Price Index since 1960, defense spending in 1984 would be approximately $160 billion, not the $249 billion approved by Congress.

CHARLES F. MCLAUGHLIN
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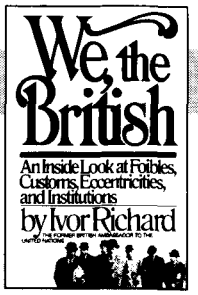

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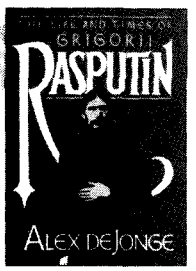

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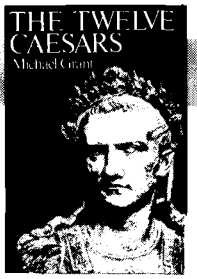

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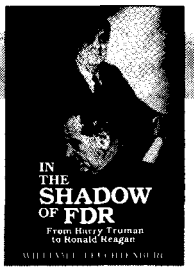

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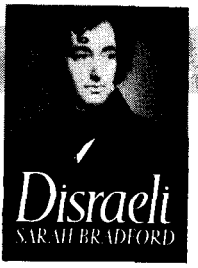

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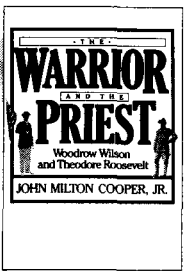

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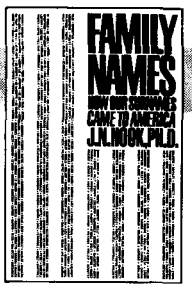

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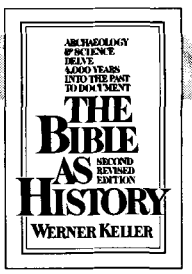

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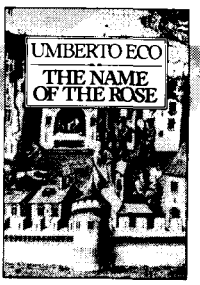

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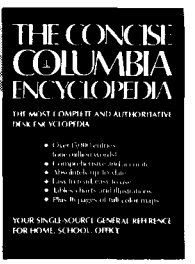

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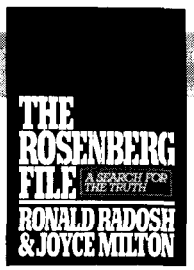

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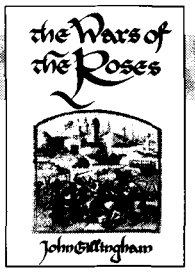

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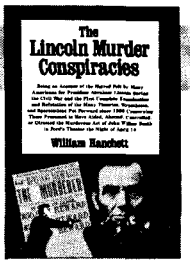

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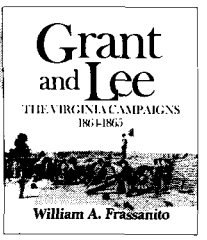

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FROM WASHINGTON

AMAZING GRACE

President Reagan is about to launch a major fuss about the need for a Presidential "line-item veto." For months *The Wall Street Journal* editorial page has been urging Reagan to make this a major theme of his reelection campaign, and apparently he agrees. It's one way he intends to defuse the political issue of his $200 billion deficits.

The Wall Street Journal has long been the loudest establishment trumpet for supply-side economics, and the line-item veto is the latest supply-side cure for a swollen deficit. The first cure was brazen quackery: raise revenues by cutting taxes. Remember the "Laffer curve"? You don't hear much about that one anymore. The second cure was Christian Science: ignore it, think pure thoughts, and it will go away. The latest cure is microsurgery: give the President the power to veto individual expenditures, rather than forcing him (as now) to accept or reject entire appropriations bills. With this new tool, the argument goes, the President can slice away irresponsible Congressional spending, and balance the budget without raising taxes.

This is a giant bluff on Reagan's part. The last thing in the world he'd really want right now is a line-item veto, and if the Democrats have any sense, they'll call his bluff and endorse the proposal. Even better, Congressional Democrats should offer the President an immediate one-year, free-trial, line-item veto for use in the 1985 budget. See how he likes it. Those appropriations bills should be hitting Reagan's desk right before election day. At that point, he would have to put up or shut up: either find $180 billion to cut, and take the political heat for each treasured military base or farm subsidy he deleted, or stop trying to blame the deficit on big-spending Democrats in Congress.

The line-item veto (which probably would require a constitutional amendment) isn't a bad idea. Governors of forty-three states have it, and every recent President has asked for it. Congress would still be able to override a veto by a two-thirds vote. But as a political issue for Reagan, it's an audacious fraud, for two reasons.

First, 85 percent of the federal budget is entitlements and interest on the debt, which are beyond the reach of a line-item veto, and defense, which Reagan is not disposed to chop. Second, the difference between the spending Reagan has proposed and the spending Congress has sent back to him in appropriations bills is minuscule. (Last year it was barely $1 billion.) Congress has happily gone along with most of Reagan's cuts in programs for the poor, and Reagan has been just as cowardly as any other politician about tackling more powerful special interests. The current level of government spending, for better or worse, is Reagan's choice. It can't be blamed on Congress.

Reagan's dazzling success at perpetrating the fiction that deficits are the fault of big spenders in Congress was illustrated by press reaction to the final report of the Grace Commission, otherwise known as the President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control. The commission came up with no more or less than 2,478 recommendations for saving "at least $424 billion" over three years by eliminating "waste and inefficiency" in the government. A CBS reporter closed his dispatch with the comment that this report would provide "plenty of ammunition for President Reagan" in the 1984 campaign. Ammo for Reagan? Who's been running the government, anyway?

At a press conference on January 16, Reagan accepted the final report from Commission Chairman Peter Grace (who got where he is today by efficiently inheriting a shipping company), and promised to vigorously pursue its recommendations. Oh, good. No one, I suppose, will object to revising government mailing lists so that people don't get twenty-nine copies of the same bulletin (estimated savings, $33 million a year). But few of the Grace Commission's recommendations are so painless. Most of the recommendations aren't about "waste" in the paper clips sense. They're about policy decisions Peter Grace and his friends on the commission disagree with. Often they're right. But stupid policies aren't just the fault of what the commission calls "Congressional interference." Does President Reagan support the idea of tripling the price of government-subsidized electric power sold to voters in the Pacific Northwest (savings, about $7 billion)? Does he wish to publicly endorse the commission's proposal to slice civil service and military pensions (savings, almost $20 billion a year)?

Ordinarily in American politics, the incumbent is stuck with the specifics of his record, while the challenger can get by with airy generalities and promises. But as *The Washington Post* recently observed, this year we have the anomalous spectacle of the Democratic Presidential candidates vying with one another over whose deficit-reduction plan is more specific, while President Reagan—the very perpetrator of the deficits—merely strikes a posture of firm resolve. If President Reagan really plans to campaign on the Grace Report, it would not be demagoguery for the Democrats to make him eat those 2,478 recommendations, many of which will be hard for any politician to swallow.

For a while, there was talk that Reagan was planning yet another commission, this one a bipartisan commission on the deficits themselves, which would report conveniently some time after the election. Why the Democrats should even have considered letting him get away with this is hard to fathom, yet the ever-mercurial Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan actually endorsed the commission idea a few weeks ago in THE NEW REPUBLIC. Apparently, though, Reagan has decided that even this fig leaf is not necessary. "We're just in retreat from reality," someone from the Administration told a *New York Times* reporter last week, in the first Stockman Award-winning remark of 1984.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
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WHERE'S THE REST OF HIM?

Ronald Reagan is making fools of the American people. We can draw no other conclusion from the President's speech last week on nuclear weapons and the state of Soviet-American relations. The speech must be compared with his other important orations in office, specifically the "Star Wars" speech and the "empire of evil" speech, both of them delivered last spring. He was lying then or he is lying now. For all these speeches add up to nothing.

We would have been happy to have been happy with Mr. Reagan's recent remarks. They are the expression of a mature analysis of all our most dire dangers. On nuclear weapons, the President produced an eloquent endorsement of deterrence as it has been classically conceived, as the prevention of a first strike by the credible threat of a second strike; and he spoke with alarm about "the vast stockpiles of armaments in the world," which it is our "priority No. 1" to reduce by means of arms control. On Soviet-American relations, the President offered a sophisticated understanding of the essential balance between philosophical difference and political tolerance. "Realism, strength, and dialogue" were the principles that he proposed as the basis for coexistence, and "a better working relationship with each other." All in all, sense without surrender, pride without posturing, moral and political clarity without any loss in compassion. Mr. Reagan even concluded his speech with a little fable about Ivan and Anya meeting Jim and Sally in a waiting room and choosing to speak of their children rather than their governments. This is simplemindedness of the left, not simplemindedness of the right; and it is easily the prettiest bedtime story this President has told so far.

As we say, we have nothing but admiration for this Ronald Reagan. But where's the rest of him? Where is the man who denied that deterrence is the best the nuclear world can do, who sought to transcend all its threats and counterthreats by means of ballistic missile defenses and the militarization of space? Where is the man who railed in holy anger against Communism, and declared that you cannot deal with the Soviets because, "they reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat. . . "? Naturally we do not miss that man terribly much. Words, when they come from the White House, are deeds; and the improvement of the President's rhetoric, therefore, is also an improvement of the President's policy. He seems to be putting behind him some of the bitterness that has destroyed the recent relations between the superpowers. Although the moral distinction between the United States and the Soviet Union is immense, and although history has shown that great powers almost never really coexist, the pragmatic impulse that now leaks from the Oval Office is much preferred to the shrill and saber-rattling impulse that burst from it before. People who believe strongly in the Soviet-American difference like to vilify pragmatism, as if it is inconsistent with strong beliefs. In fact, people who would remove pragmatism from a nuclear world are dangerous people.

The President will pardon us, then, if we have a little trouble with his new approach. The words are good, but they are not really his. It may be that Mr. Reagan has discovered an error in his early ways, but there is nothing in his personal or political history to suggest so. No, Ronald Reagan has not changed his mind. This was the right speech for the wrong reasons. Those whose primary passion is not arms control or the lessening of tensions should stay with him. He is still their natural leader. The problem posed by Mr. Reagan's Marcus Welby speech has more to do with our political system than with our President. The trouble is not that Mr. Reagan has changed his mind. The trouble is that we have a political system in which nobody's mind really matters.

What matters is politics. It is the beginning and the end, the reason for living and the reason for dying, the power before which everything and everybody kneels. Politics is all that the President's reasonableness is about. Walter Mondale worries about the collapse of Soviet-American communication? So does Ronald Reagan. Alan Cranston declares that nothing is more important than nuclear peace? So does Ronald Reagan. Jesse Jackson demands a dialogue between the White House and the Kremlin? So does Ronald Reagan. It is all in the hands of the pols. They

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are the fates who hold the shears. If a Democratic candidate seemed to be prospering in the opinion of the public by calling for a national holiday on Jim Morrison's birthday, Ronald Reagan might be for it. And he would not be entirely to blame. Those are the facts of his life.

Exercises such as Mr. Reagan's speech (and we do not mean to exclude the Democrats from the vast orbit of political opportunism, to be sure) have one effect, and one effect only: the demoralization of the American citizenry. The earth under the Kremlin did not move as a result of the President's speech, and the sky over the Kremlin did not fall; the Soviets immediately called the new line political propaganda, and they were right. A statement about Soviet-American relations that is designed for New Hampshire and Iowa will not affect Soviet-American relations. Its primary impact is its intended impact; that is, upon the American voter. He or she is looking to see what those who present themselves for the Presidency believe, and he or she is seeing that many of them believe nothing. Campaigning has made Mr. Reagan flexible to the very foundations of his faith. He would almost have done better to have stayed his course; he would have met with disagreement, but not with disrespect. The public knows when it is being pandered to. It will not suddenly rethink its ideas about the President, or about any other politician who Gallups nakedly from one view to another; it will only become cynical about the whole lousy lot.

Some of the blame for the tyranny of politics in American politics must go to the press. The smart way to cover a campaign today is to make a comparative analysis of public relations techniques. Never mind the merit of a candidate's prescription for the economy or vision of the society or policy for the rest of the world. Never mind even the content of these things. Attend only to their appeal. All that could possibly recommend them would be their popularity. And so political journalists report in psychologically destabilizing detail about strategies and tactics and commercials and polls and images and consultants and the whole electoral industry of which they too are a profiting part. An advanced analysis will instruct the citizen on virtually everything except the candidate's convictions. And truth to tell, the convictions are no longer the real story. They do not count for much in the contest. Why should they count for much in the account of the contest?

In making a purely political speech, the President may have made a political mistake. For one thing, he has robbed himself of the emotion that provided his first run for the office with its energy—namely, panic. Mr. Reagan announced to the American people that the present danger of which he warned four years ago is no longer present, that the military buildup over which he has presided has made America and the world "a safer place." Too much talk like this will steal a lot of wind from Mr. Reagan's sails. Indeed, it goes against the grain of the whole conservative political culture from which he comes, and for which a state of global emergency is eternal. Assuming for the sake of argument that Mr. Reagan's original analysis of the Soviet threat was true, the triumph over that threat can only confuse the man's political identity.

But the President's political speech (and the political speeches of many other politicians of both parties) was a mistake for another reason. It is that Jim and Sally (and, for that matter, Ivan and Anya) know better. For them there is something in American politics that is more than politics. There is the question of what is right and what is wrong. And the question of what is good and what is evil. And all the other questions that have provided the purpose for democratic politics since Athens. Ronald Reagan made it to the White House because he spoke to those questions. So did John F. Kennedy, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson, and backward to the other inspiring chapters in the history of American leadership. If he makes it back to the White House, it will be for the same reason. And the Democrats, too. As long as they dance only to the numbers, they will go nowhere. The Democrat who knows his own mind, and is not inhibited by a political calculation or a marketing consideration from putting it before the public, will be Ronald Reagan's only real opponent. And perhaps Ronald Reagan's successor.

NOTEBOOK

□ "AS GOOD ALMOST KILL a man as kill a good book," wrote zealous John Milton. Certainly one of the better deeds a magazine can do is to help keep good books alive. On page 34 this week, we inaugurate a new feature, "The New Republic's Best Books." The editors will include on this list the most notable books TNR has recently reviewed. They probably won't be books that are flourishing on the best-seller lists. They're likely to be the less popular sort that usually slip too quickly from readers' notice and languish too long in bookstores. Such books deserve something better, as their authors, their publishers, and their readers will (we hope) agree.

□ JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS has won her suit against a model who impersonated her in one of those sublimely silly Dior ads. It turns out, in case you had any doubts, that that was not Mrs. O at the wedding of Oliver and The Mouth. We imagine that this ruling may prove deadly to a great many careers in impersonation. Meanwhile Judge Edward J. Greenfield of Manhattan has penned probably the most memorable double entendre in recent legal literature "To paint a portrait of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is to create a work of art," the judge judiciously opined "To look like Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is not." Now that adds insult to the absence of injury

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "What America needs is a Marshall Plan to eradicate poverty in the nation. This is a moral imperative. The unemployed, the underemployed, and the now unemployables are also America's biggest wastage of economic resources. The

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poor represent a suppressed demand which needs to be released to support a steady rapid growth of American production. The goals of social justice and economic progress thus are compatible. A rapid steady economic growth is impossible without mobilizing the productive power of the poor and clothing their unfilled needs with effective demand. The existence of mass poverty in the midst of plenty is a heavy drag on the entire economy." (Gunnar Myrdal, "The War on Poverty," February 8, 1964.)

Watergate on the Rhine.

DER SKANDAL

Bonn

THIS CITY makes a political virtue of boredom—and deliberately so, since the Nazi past, which was nothing if not exciting, is still firmly within living memory. The very language of modern German politics is, as a rule, willfully colorless, bureaucratic, purged of emotive rhetoric. Recently, however, the boring Bundestag has been lit by scandal-light. Not one but two senior ministers are engulfed in *Skandal*. Now a *Skandal* must not be confused with an American scandal. In the typical American scandal, a Republican cabinet member avails himself of inside information to make a quick couple of million in the stock market (preferably in a way that involves secret tape recordings), and is quickly caught in a clumsy lie. He then joins the lecture circuit. In the typical *Skandal*, a Christian Democratic cabinet member is discovered to have a Nazi past. He then continues in high office until an honorable retirement. Such is the case of the retiring President of the Federal Republic, Karl Carstens.

The case of General Gunter Kiessling, deputy supreme commander of NATO in Europe, is not so typical. True, Kiessling began his glittering military career by volunteering for the *Wehrmacht* at the age of 14 in 1939. But since the war he has been an exemplary soldier for democracy, the one odd thing about him being that he was the only unmarried general in the whole army. When he joined the staff of the American supreme commander, General Bernard Rogers, in April 1982, General Kiessling was still a bachelor. Rogers seems to have taken an immediate dislike to the strange bird assigned to him as deputy. The sentiment was mutual. Kiessling is known to have applied for a transfer, but there was no suitable job.

So when it was announced last month that Kiessling had been fired by the West German minister of defense, Manfred Wörner, many Germans immediately assumed that this was another example of "imperialistic" American intervention in the Federal Republic's affairs. Young peace activists were suddenly full of sympathy for the *Bundeswehr* general. In fact, however, Kiessling was fired for supposedly being a homosexual, which supposedly made him a security risk. According to government sources, the Military Security Service—known by its German acronym as MAD—first received a tip about Kiessling's homosexuality last summer. In the fall a MAD-man privately approached the Cologne police with a photo of Kiessling, retouched to conceal the uniform. The police flashed the photo around the gay bars of Cologne, and in the Tom Tom Bar a bartender called Micha identified Kiessling as a regular—known to the guys as "*der Jurgen von der Bundeswehr*." The same identification was made in another bar, and on this not terribly impressive evidence MAD concluded that the second-most senior officer in the West German Army, the deputy supreme commander of NATO in Europe, had to go.

The Tom Tom was doing great business last week. Again and again young Micha had to tell his tale to impatient journalists. Yes, said Micha, *der Jurgen von der Bundeswehr* was here again only last Wednesday. But last Wednesday the scandal had already broken and General Kiessling was sick in bed. He firmly denies the charge of homosexuality and has applied for a military hearing to restore his good name. If it turns out that Kiessling was wrongly accused by MAD, the defense minister will probably have to resign.

The second Bonn scandal, the "Flick affair," is less colorful but much more serious. This German Watergate threatens to remove a linchpin of Chancellor Helmut Kohl's coalition government: the Free Democratic minister of economics, Otto Lambsdorff. Moreover, it garishly illuminates the intimate connections between big business and government in the Federal Republic. Lambsdorff is accused of granting the mighty industrial conglomerate of Flick a tax exemption on a capital gain of about $300 million, more or less directly in return for very substantial contributions to party funds.

As in Watergate, the story of the investigation reads like a thriller. The heroes are modest tax inspectors and state attorneys. A tax swindle by a crooked monk (who seems to have broken *all* his vows) led them to the chief bookkeeper at Flick. In his possession was a black account book that listed cash payments—an average of $15,000 a pop—to "Friends of the House," meaning the House of Flick. The list of names reads like a Who's Who of German politics. From there it was a short step into the office of the chairman of Flick, Eberhard von Brauchitsch. Here they discovered files in which von Brauchitsch, nephew of Hitler's commander in chief, had kept an exact record of his lobbying. He wrote proudly to the firm's principal owner, Herr Friedrich Karl Flick, about the advantages gained for the "House" by what he called "the special cultivation of the Bonn landscape."

In his defense, von Brauchitsch does not deny that this "special cultivation" involved large payments to politicians and foundations of all parties. All he denies is that these payments were made to Lambsdorff and others for services rendered in their official capacities: for example, that tax exemption, which concerned Flick's investment of a large part of its capital gain in the American firm of W. R.

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Grace & Co. The evidence collected by the state attorneys seems nonetheless to be pretty damning—judging from the extensive extracts published by the weekly newsmagazine *Der Spiegel*. Here, for example, is a note by von Brauchitsch on a satisfactory meeting with the treasurer of the Social Democratic Party, who will "give a positive indication" to the finance minister (a Social Democrat at the time) on the tax question. The next day Flick pays half a million deutsche marks to the Social Democrats' Friedrich Ebert Foundation. Coincidence? Perhaps, but the von Brauchitsch notes and the black account book are full of such coincidences.

The Flick affair is bound to cast Watergate-like shadows over the Bonn landscape for some time to come. If the Nixon tapes revealed the mores of one Administration, the von Brauchitsch notes reveal the mores of a whole political-industrial establishment. And what extraordinary mores they are. In the Flick affair we find corporate contributions being laundered through a network of front organizations, including the crooked monk and foreign bank accounts that would do credit to the Mafia. We find senior civil servants—"Friends of the House"—politely forwarding secret documents to the industrialists whom they most nearly concern. Most astonishing of all, we find senior politicians personally accepting cash contributions to their "district offices"—$15,000 to $20,000 at a time, in currency, in plain envelopes.

Von Brauchitsch says this is nothing new, that such cash payments are the "tradition of the House." And he reveals how the company financed politicians of all parties in the Weimar Republic and again in the 1950s. What he does not reveal is the enormous growth of the Flick empire in the Third Reich, when the "Friends of the House" included Goering and Himmler, who rewarded Flick with profitable armaments contracts and slave labor from the concentration camps.

As in Watergate, the worst part of the scandal is the attempted cover-up. The difference is that it wasn't just one political party that was involved in the attempt, since all of them, directly or indirectly, had partaken of Flick's largesse. In the autumn of 1981 they cooked up what would in effect have been a total amnesty for any irregularities or crimes in connection with the contributions. Again as in Watergate, the cover-up was foiled by just men using the instruments of a democracy. The just men, in this case, included not only the tax inspectors and state attorneys but also the then minister of justice (who immediately rejected the proposed amnesty as immoral and unconstitutional), parliamentarians of all parties, and journalists—notably from *Der Spiegel*, which is to be prosecuted for publishing the legal evidence. The prosecution of Minister Lambsdorff is unlikely to be so swift; nor does he seem at all inclined to resign, even though his ministry has decided that Flick should pay taxes on the W. R. Grace gain after all. Meanwhile the government has prepared a new law that will give political parties the tax privileges of charities. There will be no future need for the marvelous apparatus of manila envelopes and crooked monks.

Will Bonn then be boring again? The liveliest political speculation here concerns the future of the boisterous Bavarian Franz-Josef Strauss—who, incidentally, also pocketed the odd Flick remittance (about $375,000) for his Christian Social Union. If either Defense Minister Wörner or Economics Minister Lambsdorff is toppled by his respective *Skandal*, will Chancellor Kohl be able to refuse Strauss one of these jobs if he wants it? It would indeed be ironic if Strauss, who in 1962 was himself toppled as defense minister by *Skandal*, were to be thus returned to office.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

Timothy Garton Ash, whose book *The Polish Revolution: Solidarity* will be published by Scribner's in April, is a special correspondent for THE NEW REPUBLIC and *The Spectator* of London.

Your tax dollars at work.

PARANOID POLITICS

THERE is a ninth contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination, but Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr. is neither a Democrat nor a democrat. This energetic political cult leader—the man responsible for tracts like "Hitler: Runaway British Agent" and "Kissinger, The Politics of Faggotry" and for the "Feed Jane Fonda to the Whales" bumper sticker—will have his name on the ballot in several states, and the Federal Election Commission is currently considering his application for $130,000 in federal matching funds.

Many people have never heard of LaRouche, but most have seen his people at work. Ever notice those airport solicitation stands stocked with piles of literature trumpeting the virtues of nuclear power and laser-beam weapons? That's LaRouche, posing as the Fusion Energy Foundation and the National Democratic Policy Committee. Clean-cut men and women sell subscriptions to the newspaper *New Solidarity*, the slick, weekly *Executive Intelligence Review*, and a variety of books and pamphlets. They solicit contributions to conservative causes which would appear at first glance to be legitimate, if slightly oddball in approach. Here LaRouche's cause is finding sympathetic ears, and wallets: these stands—some of which have become as permanent as rent-a-car counters—are grossing as much as $60,000 a day nationwide.

But LaRouche is anything but legitimate, and oddball is far too kind a word to describe his pursuits. He is a conspiracy-monger and a patent anti-Semite. In the world according to LaRouche, Henry Kissinger, David Rockefeller, Averell Harriman, the International Monetary Fund, the F.B.I., and the Club of Rome, among others, are all

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plotting, as agents of the British Secret Intelligence Service and Queen Elizabeth II, to spur "world holocaust" through drug addiction, global famine, the bubonic plague, and "menticide—the willful and systematic destruction of the human mind." LaRouche-connected publications are peppered with statements like "Zionist circles funded the founding and continuation of the American Nazi Party," and "Israel is ruled from London as a Zombie nation." LaRouche himself has written that B'nai B'rith founded the Ku Klux Klan and "has been repeatedly discovered to exert top-down control within Klan organizations to the present date." "There were certain Jewish families behind Hitler," LaRouche said in a 1982 interview. "They backed putting Hitler into power." When LaRouche sued the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith for $26 million after an A.D.L. report called him anti-Semitic, the New York State Supreme Court dismissed the libel case, noting that the A.D.L. characterization of LaRouche was "fair comment." For his own part, LaRouche and his groups have had documented contacts with the K.K.K., Willis Carto's ultraright Liberty Lobby, and Teamsters president, Jackie Presser.

Despite his Presidential bid, LaRouche's contempt for the democratic process is explicit: " 'pluralism' and other British notions of 'democracy' are fit only for British aristocrats, not for self-respecting human beings." Then again, "ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths" of what most people might consider humanity is no more than a "bestial mass of ignorant sheep."

THE MAN has always been shrill, but he hasn't always been a sham right-winger; he's been a sham left-winger too. LaRouche got his start as a political *condottiere* during the 1968 student strike at Columbia University, when he led a splinter group out of S.D.S. to form the National Caucus of Labor Committees (N.C.L.C.). LaRouche was then known as "Lyn Marcus," (a play on the names of Lenin and Marx) and preached rigidly doctrinaire Marxist economics while organizing the nucleus of a self-avowed intelligence network, which now operates dozens of offices around the world. In 1973 he kicked off "Operation Mop-Up" in an effort to establish hegemony over the radical American left. His hockey-helmeted disciples descended on Communist Party activists in more than sixty incidents of violent attacks. But LaRouche wasn't interested in merely supplanting the likes of Gus Hall; his are higher sights, and rabid Marxism doesn't make for good electoral politics. In 1976, the year of his first run for the Presidency, LaRouche, sensing an opportunity in anti-Nelson Rockefeller sentiment among extreme conservatives, discovered he had "allies in the capitalist classes." Although he has found it hard to shake old habits—LaRouche has called the Polish trade union Solidarity a "Trotskyite insurrection"—he's stuck pretty much to K.K.K.-types ever since. He now cultivates a distinguished air, wearing a jacket and tie and professorial spectacles.

On the inside, LaRouche's organization resembles a religious cult. Members of N.C.L.C.—which remains LaRouche's core organization—are currently estimated to number anywhere from one to three thousand. They are rigorously indoctrinated in party dogma, and are forced to show a Pavlovian loyalty to their revered leader. "The personal lives of members are extensively regulated by the organization," wrote Gregory Rose in the *National Review* after his defection from N.C.L.C. "Ties with family and former friends are discouraged. 'Unauthorized' personal relations are forbidden. Activities as varied as marijuana-smoking and masturbation are expulsion offenses." LaRouche, like his messianic counterparts, sees himself as a global savior. As he noted in his declaration for the Presidential nomination, "[My] adversaries, including powerful circles in Swiss financial circles and the New York Council on Foreign Relations, as well as international drug traffickers, have made me one of the most prominent public figures of our time internationally, as well as within the United States." In a 1980 interview with *People* magazine: "The only way to move the world is to move it just as Alexander [the Great] moved armies. That's the way we're going to move this world—on the momentum of leadership. That is why I *must* become President of the United States."

LaRouche has been working toward these ambitions with more than airport card tables. During his last two Presidential candidacies, LaRouche bought several half-hours of prime-time network television; he started off this campaign with a $210,000 Saturday night slot on CBS on January 21. As his political arm, the National Democratic Policy Committee ran over five hundred candidates for municipal and state offices in 1983. It has captured seats on several local Democratic committees, and has polled as much as 30 percent in Democratic Congressional primaries. On more than seventy-five occasions over the last ten years, representatives from LaRouche's various affiliate organizations have testifed before Congressional committees on subjects as varied as the Panama Canal treaties, the Global 2000 report, the defense budget, and the confirmation of such officials as Cyrus Vance and Andrew Young (against), and James Watt and Anne Gorsuch (in favor). Other LaRouche operations include the National Anti-Drug Coalition and the Lafayette Foundation for the the Arts and Sciences (ostensibly devoted to restoring classical education to our nation's schools), groups which, once again, take advantage of public concerns to win public support and contributions.

The European Labor Party, chaired by LaRouche's wife, Helga Zepp-LaRouche, has fielded candidates in legislative elections in several European countries and for the European Parliament. LaRouche has passed himself off in the Third World as a respectable proponent of drastic debt rescheduling. He even managed to get private audiences with then-President José López-Portillo of Mexico and with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi of India. Various estimates have put the total annual budget for LaRouche-connected activities at up to $5 million. The Fusion Energy Foundation alone, according to its 1980 filing with the

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I.R.S., listed annual revenues of $3.5 million.

LaRouche needs to be exposed for three reasons. First, thousands of people are contributing to his organizations and voting for his candidates without any idea of what the man really stands for. *Executive Intelligence Review* has over ten thousand subscribers at $400 a year. LaRouche received almost two hundred thousand votes nationwide in his 1980 bid for the Democratic nomination, and his N.D.P.C. claims a dues-paying nationwide membership of over one hundred thousand. Many local community leaders and legislators have been duped into endorsing the Anti-Drug Coalition simply by virtue of its name. One trusts that the great majority of these supporters act in ignorance of the more outrageous Larouchiana.

Second, LaRouche may be dangerous. N.C.L.C. members have been trained in "counter-terror force" at paramilitary camps in upstate New York and Powder Springs, Georgia, by the late Mitchell E. WerBell III, a self-styled mercenary and the inventor of the Ingram silenced submachine gun. More chilling, the Fusion Energy Foundation has published a do-it-yourself pamphlet written by a West German scientist on how to make an H-Bomb.

Third, the LaRouche cult profits handsomely from public subsidies. The Fusion Energy Foundation enjoys a tax-exempt status, which saves it hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. But F.E.F.'s tax returns don't seem to tell the whole story. Although in its 1980 filing with the I.R.S., the Foundation denied involvement in legislative lobbying activities, *Fusion* magazine often carries clippable "Dear Congressman" coupons that advocate nuclear power and space-based weapons programs. In the same filing F.E.F. denies affiliation with any other organization. In fact, F.E.F. executives Morris Leavitt, Charles Stevens, and Uwe Hanke are longtime members of the National Caucus of Labor Committees. A December 1982 story in *The Baltimore Sun* documented the channeling of contributions from the F.E.F. to an N.D.P.C. Congressional candidate. And then, after his 1980 bid for the Democratic nomination, when LaRouche collected more than $500,000 in federal matching campaign funds, the Federal Election Commission discovered several dozen reporting violations, including alleged acts of forgery, and asked LaRouche to return $110,618. The case was settled out of court for $15,000, a fine which LaRouche's campaign committee has yet to pay, even though he is again in line for matching contributions.

There's no room for debate: LaRouche must be unmasked and denounced.

PETER SPIRO

Peter Spiro is a former TNR reporter-researcher.

Questions Ted and Phil never asked.

THE CANDIDATES CROSS-EXAMINED

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

Hanover, New Hampshire

WHO WON the debate at Dartmouth College? I thought at least three candidates did, on one level or another: Jesse Jackson, Gary Hart, and Walter Mondale. Jackson gained the most ground. He came into the debate with a reputation of being narrow in his concerns and scary in his extremism, and appeared instead intelligent, witty, broadly versed, and moderate. He is the newest, youngest, and least politically experienced of the eight Democratic Presidential candidates, but he seemed on television (and also on stage) to be the equal of the others. Of course, it helped that not one of his rivals was willing to challenge him on any point of style or substance. What on earth does it mean to say that "if you deal with text out of context you have pretext"? In what way does Jackson propose to involve foreigners—the 94 percent of the world's population that, he noted, is not American—in the making of American foreign policy? What exactly is he going to do to stop corporations from engaging in "chemical warfare" and investing in "slave labor" abroad, and to start creating jobs at home? How does he square his assurance that "bold" diplomacy and dialogue can produce peace in the Middle East with the thirty-five-year record of Arab terrorism, statements of intent to destroy Israel, and unwillingness to negotiate with the Israelis? If Ernest Hollings had taken his verbal razor to Jackson's throat, as he did to John Glenn's and Alan Cranston's, he might have asked, "Jesse, who used whom more—you or President Assad?"

I think Jackson's opponents didn't go after him at least partly out of fear of being accused of racism, but that's not all that accounts for his success. Jackson was quick in his responses. He had command of enough numbers and facts to sound informed, and yet did not bog down in details. Rather than regurgitating old position papers, he spoke in the kind of expansive moral terms that ordinary people understand and activist Democrats, especially, love. He was reassuringly traditionalist on family issues, urging parents to make their kids do homework instead of

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watching TV, and he expressed clear ethical disapproval of abortion even as he upheld women's legal right to have them. Jackson was the only candidate to introduce a new issue into the debate, that of forcing Japan and the NATO allies to bear a greater share of their defense burden so U.S. forces can be reduced. Divisive though this proposal might be for U.S. alliances, it might well catch on among Democrats.

JACKSON MAY BE the best platform and TV performer to hit politics since Ronald Reagan, and he seems destined to become an important force in Democratic politics. Early Mondale polls showed Jackson taking 40 percent of the black vote, but ethnic pride by now must have swelled that to well over 60 percent, and Jackson presumably will make inroads as well among white liberals.

Gary Hart made some headway among liberals too, especially at the expense of Alan Cranston and George McGovern, who seemed colorless and tired by comparison. These three candidates seem to be vying for fourth place in the early primaries behind Mondale, Glenn, and Jackson. More importantly, they are vying for financial and political survival. Hence, there was jockeying among them within the larger debate format over who spoke out earliest and most ardently against nuclear war, and against Cranston's support for the B-1 bomber, which is made in his home state of California. Hart received some favorable press notices for capitalizing on the major dramatic moment of the debate—the squabble between Walter Mondale and John Glenn—by saying that "quarreling between the two of you as to whose mistakes are the worst is not going to win the election or govern this country." Hart's game plan obviously called for him to emphasize at every opportunity that he represents "new ideas" for a "new generation" of Democrats, while everyone else (he went after Glenn and Mondale especially) is part of some discredited "old order."

In fact, Hart unveiled nothing at all that could be called a new idea. He did, however, put the left-liberal case more crisply and forcefully than either McGovern or Cranston. Hart called for cutting off military aid to El Salvador until right-wing death squad activity ends, and for pulling American troops out of Honduras. He condemned the Kissinger Commission report as recommending "a continued policy of war" in Central America, and said the country is "on a blind search for the wrong enemy." The real enemy "is not communism, but poverty," he asserted, although he did not follow up with any new ideas for dealing with that problem, and ignored the Kissinger Commission's $8 billion economic aid proposal. Hart also scored points with the left, presumably, by pointing out that he had opposed deployment of Marines in Lebanon from the outset, and had introduced the War Powers Act limiting the stay of U.S. troops in Grenada.

Still, whatever headway Jackson and Hart made at Dartmouth, Walter Mondale must be counted the major winner. He had the most to lose, but lost nothing. Mondale went in the front-runner, performed creditably, and emerged still the front-runner—possibly with his lead even enhanced, thanks to a strategic error committed by the man in second place, John Glenn. As John Dillin reported in *The Christian Science Monitor*, it was not a sudden emotional seizure that caused Glenn to attack Mondale, accusing him of purveying "vague gobbledygook" on federal deficit reduction, and declaring that he was "disgusted" with Mondale's "vague promises . . . with no figures attached." Rather, Dillin quotes Glenn aides as saying it was part of Glenn's strategy to find an opportunity to "create an incident" and "score a home run" against Mondale.

Unfortunately for Glenn, although he was able to create an incident, he didn't score more than a single. Glenn succeeded in making himself and Mondale the chief objects of news coverage of the debate and in sustaining the impression that the Democratic Presidential contest is still a two-man race. On the other hand, he also gave Mondale a chance to make a forceful counterattack. Mondale replied that Glenn's arguments were "baloney," and quickly outlined his plans for reducing federal deficits through taxes, health care cost containment, defense cuts, and farm support reductions.

Glenn also helped Mondale out at an earlier point by changing the subject just as Hart and others were pouncing on Mondale for supporting domestic content legislation. Mondale backers had feared that the three-hour debate would turn into a concerted gang attack on their man, but though Mondale was nicked a few times—on alleged tardiness in urging a troop withdrawal from Lebanon, for example—no all-out offensive developed except for Glenn's. A *Washington Post*-ABC poll indicated that Glenn was a major loser in the debate. It showed he is favored by 16 percent of New Hampshire voters who didn't watch the debate and only 5 percent of those who did. Mondale is favored by about the same number—50 percent—whether they watched or not. Jackson is favored by 8 percent of those who didn't watch the debate, but by 16 percent of those who did. Nationally, the poll indicated that if a primary election were held now, 51 percent of Democrats would vote for Mondale, 13 percent for Jackson, and 11 percent for Glenn. Whatever Glenn planned for Dartmouth, it didn't work.

WHAT MONDALE planned and practiced during two days of drills at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston—fast parrying of opponents' attacks, seizing maximum time on camera, and going on the offensive against President Reagan—Mondale basically did. He made sure to remind viewers at least twice that he is the only candidate with White House experience. He also showed that he has thought about U.S. trade problems, and that he accords high priority to restoring U.S. competitiveness. He demonstrated that he is just as vigorous a critic of President Reagan's foreign and defense policies as other Democrats, without edging to Hart-Cranston-McGovern-Jackson extremes on nuclear weapons, defense cuts, and Central America.

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Among the other candidates, the biggest disappointment was Reubin Askew, whose positions on foreign policy issues are closest to the center of the American political spectrum, but who seemed to forget in mid-argument where his logic was taking him. Ernest Hollings, though witty and acerbic in pinning Reagan budget deficits partly on Cranston and Glenn ("You caused it. You voted for it. Your vote and your vote, not my vote."), descended to petty cruelty in jibing at Askew when he missed a point, "Have you got a tic in your ear as well as your eye?" Hollings has a penchant for making slurs that renders him trivial.

BEYOND THE individual winners and losers, I thought the Democratic Party came off rather well in the debate—better, in fact, than it deserved because moderators Ted Koppel (unexpectedly) and Phil Donahue (unsurprisingly) failed to ask really hard questions of the kind that will emerge in the general election campaign. Such as: You Democrats really want to close deficits by raising peoples' taxes, right? Who is going to pay, and how much? Isn't there any place in the domestic budget you might find some savings? What about Medicare and other entitlements that are breaking the federal budget? Are you for domestic content legislation, and won't that just raise the price of cars? You are all for both affirmative action—quotas, really—and for labor union seniority rules. What would you have done in the Boston firemen's case? Would you have laid off blacks first, according to seniority, or whites to satisfy affirmative action? On balance, do you think school busing to achieve racial integration has been good or bad, and would you press for more of it? How do you deal with the problem of white flight to the suburbs and the re-segregation of schools? Are you for "industrial policy"? Isn't that just another name for government planning of the economy, and won't it just mean more bureaucracy? Do you think one union should be able to shut down an entire construction site to win its dispute? You say you want to retrain laid-off steelworkers and auto workers. To do what? How would you get labor unions to tailor wage demands to productivity—or would you even try?

On foreign policy, there are also lots of important questions that Democratic candidates like to avoid, but that surely will come up when they stop appealing simply to primary voters and have to face a national electorate. Such as: the Soviet Union used the détente era to launch a massive arms buildup. Now you want to go back to that policy? There is strong evidence that the Soviets have violated SALT I, SALT II, and the biological warfare treaty. They have waged poison warfare in Laos and Afghanistan. Are you going to trust them to live up to a freeze? Or are you going to demand on-site inspection of their weapons factories? The nuclear freeze movement wants a unilateral deferral of new U.S. missiles in Europe. Are you for that? How would you get the Soviets to dismantle the three hundred SS-20s they've already deployed?

Some other foreign policy questions that didn't get asked were: Suppose Communist governments come to power in El Salvador, Guatemala, and Mexico. What would be the consequences for the United States? How would you control the influx of refugees, who might include terrorists? You all favor removing U.S. Marines from Lebanon, but suppose there is a Syrian, Iranian, or radical threat to Jordan, Kuwait, or Saudi Arabia. Would you send in U.S. troops? How do you account for the fact that Democrats in Congress switched sides on the Grenada invasion, suddenly favoring it when it proved popular? Do you now support the Grenada invasion? Under what circumstances, if you were President, would you use force?

With the economy recovering and likely to continue recovering through the 1984 election—for whatever reason and however temporarily—the Democrats seem to be turning more and more toward foreign policy as their major issue for 1984. Polling data suggest that they must do so, and have an opportunity to make political gains doing so, provided they handle the issues correctly.

Reagan clearly has turned the economic issue around. According to the year-end *Washington Post*-ABC poll, in January 1983 nearly half the country (46 percent) thought the condition of the economy was getting worse, and only 18 percent believed it was getting better. By mid-December, those numbers had reversed, with 46 percent seeing improvement and 20 percent a decline. President Reagan's approval rating on the economy went from a low of 38 percent in January to 53 percent in December. The Democrats do have legitimate cases to make against Reagan on grounds of fairness (52 percent think his policies favor the upper classes) and deficit spending, but if next fall the economy overall seems to be in good shape and unemployment is still declining, the President probably has the better of what's usually the Democrats' best issue.

AT THE SAME TIME, the surge that Reagan's foreign policy ratings took after the Grenada invasion has not been sustained. According to ABC, Reagan had an approval rating of 55 percent on the day before the bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut. He plunged to 44 percent after the bombing, but with the Grenada invasion and his televised speech, he was up to 57 percent on October 28. By December 13, he was down to 47 percent. A majority (52 percent) approves of the way he is dealing with the Soviet Union, but only 40 percent approve of his Lebanon policy. Sixty-one percent believe that the way Reagan is handling foreign policy is increasing the chances of war.

The Democrats have a compelling critique to make of Reagan foreign policy, and they are making it in a more unified way than at any time since Vietnam. The alternative they are offering, however, tends to be a foreign policy of weakness and retreat, which will neither serve the party in the general election nor serve the country's interests if a Democrat happens to get elected.

It is certainly possible to make a strong case, as all the Democrats do, that Reagan stumbled into Lebanon, that

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he has articulated no clear mission for the Marines there, that he is risking war with Syria and even with the Soviet Union, and that he should find a way out as quickly as possible. It is also possible to make a case that the United States should not be funding covert operations against the government of Nicaragua, and should put more emphasis on human rights reform in El Salvador. It's possible to argue, as all the Democrats do, that Reagan has not tried hard enough for an arms control agreement with the Soviets and has unnecessarily poisoned the atmosphere of U.S.-Soviet relations.

BUT THE Democrats have done all this and more. They are so eager to blame Reagan that they all but absolve the Soviet Union of blame for U.S.-Soviet tension, ignoring SS-20s, its attempts to intimidate Europe, and its human rights depredations. When Nicaraguan forces killed a U.S. helicopter pilot by firing across the Honduran border, Walter Mondale did not criticize Nicaragua, but called for the United States to cancel further military exercises in Honduras. Whereas Democrats used to call for defense increases of 5 and 6 percent a year during the early Reagan years (John Glenn still does), the Democratic House last year approved an increase of barely 3 percent (which Mondale approved) and some candidates (McGovern and Jackson) favor real reductions. This trend is so worrisome that forty or fifty former defense officials in Democratic Administrations are about to take out a newspaper ad to urge their party to hold firm on military preparedness. In spite of the fact that NATO alliance solidarity hung in the balance, some Democrats favored postponing deployment of Pershing II missiles in Europe last fall under pressure from the Soviet Union and the European peace movement. John Glenn favored postponing deployment of cruise missiles, which would have had the same effect. And increasingly the Democrats are developing a record that suggests there is almost no circumstance short of direct attack on U.S. territory in which they would use force or the threat of force to advance U.S. interests.

Grenada is a kind of litmus test of this. Of all the Democratic Presidential candidates, only Reubin Askew had anything good to say about the invasion. "It should send a strong message to Castro," he said. As it turned out, the thousand American students on the island were grateful to be rescued; a majority of the Grenadians, too, seemed grateful to be saved from post-coup chaos and the shoot-on-sight curfews imposed by the assassins of Maurice Bishop; captured documents showed that even Bishop's revolution was being Cubanized. The invasion had the additional effect of alerting both U.S. adversaries and allies that this country finally has recovered from Vietnam trauma and is willing to resort to force when it has to. And the invasion was a military success with minimal loss of life. Nonetheless, the first reaction of Alan Cranston was that the invasion was "reckless." George McGovern called it "utterly irresponsible." Gary Hart called for invocation of the War Powers Act.

Toward the center of the party, too, the reaction of Democrats was skeptical at best. In Congress, Daniel Patrick Moynihan called it an 'act of war' which the United States had "no right" to engage in. Tip O'Neill called it "gunboat diplomacy." John Glenn said he was "deeply concerned" that the President had purposes beyond the mere rescue of Americans that he was not adequately consulting Congress about. Most disturbing of all was the reaction of Walter Mondale, since he is now very close to being the Democratic nominee and, possibly, the next Democratic President. Mondale admitted he had limited information, but issued a series of questions about the invasion that one of his foreign policy advisers called "rhetorical," clearly indicating disapproval. He wanted to know if Americans really were in jeopardy, whether diplomatic remedies had been exhausted, whether Congress (also U.S. allies and Latin neighbors) had been consulted, and whether the invasion could be squared with international law.

EVEN THOUGH Grenada's neighbors invited U.S. participation because they were afraid of Grenada's Cuban-assisted military buildup, Mondale said that the United States was nevertheless violating the charter of the Organization of American States. "The most sacred principle of the O.A.S. is the principle of the integrity of each nation to be protected from outside invasion or interference," Mondale said. "Nonintervention is the most fundamental principle in Latin America and, indeed, in the United Nations. The treaty does not allow justifications for intervening in an independent country. And when we violate that principle, we really undermine the high ground that this nation needs as a leader in the world in discouraging other nations, such as the Soviet Union, from doing what they're doing in Afghanistan, Poland, Cambodia, and elsewhere. And we damage our moral authority in dealing with our friends throughout the world."

Mondale eventually muted his criticism of the invasion, but the fact is that his initial statement does seem to embody Mondale's views on the use of force. Speaking to the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, a group of right-wing Democrats that he was anxious to impress with his firmness, Mondale said that a key principle of the revitalized Democratic foreign policy consensus is "a willingness to use American power to defend American interests." He said, "no isolationism haunts the mainstream of our party. We know that America has vital and legitimate interests in the world."

"But," he added, "Democrats insist that our interests be sharply defined, publicly supported, Congressionally sanctioned, militarily feasible, internationally defensible, open to independent scrutiny, and alert to regional history." That would seem to very nearly put veto power over a necessary or desirable operation into the hands of the public (as measured by polls?), a Congress, a reluctant Joint Chiefs of Staff, and any determined collection of foreign leaders, especially if they are waving the U.N. Charter. This is hardly in the Democratic tradition of deci-

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sive Presidential leadership, as exemplified by F.D.R. in skirting pre-World War II neutrality laws; Harry Truman in Turkey, Greece, and Korea; John F. Kennedy in the Cuban missile crisis; and Lyndon Johnson in the Dominican Republic.

A real problem with almost all the Democratic Presidential candidates is that they are products of careers in Congress and are wedded to the post-Vietnam process that limits Presidential foreign policy initiative to that which can please a common denominator of the House and Senate. And if the consensus of Democratic foreign policy intellectuals no longer is as isolationist and pacifist as it was prior to the bitter experiences of the Carter Administration in Iran, Nicaragua, and Afghanistan, younger Democrats in Congress seem as isolationist as ever. As one Mondale adviser put it, "their foreign policy is based on guilt. It's corrupt, in fact. If something's hard or ambiguous, their advice is, 'Don't do it. Don't get involved in any struggle that might get our skirts dirty.' That puts a lot of pressure on Mondale." For Mondale to suggest that Grenada somehow was comparable to Afghanistan or Poland—the Grenadians happen to be free now, the Afghans are not—suggests that Mondale has been affected by his party's moral confusion.

It may well be true, as Walter Mondale says, that President Reagan is making this a more dangerous world by bungling U.S.-Soviet relations to the point where all negotiations have broken down and by involving U.S. forces directly in combat. It's possible, as Mondale says, that Reagan doesn't know what he's doing in foreign policy, and it's certainly true that the United States needs a President who does. What's not clear is that the Democrats do know what they are doing. They give the impression of being as timid as Reagan is adventuresome, as moralistic as Reagan is militaristic, as Milquetoast as Reagan is macho. One danger is that the public, which counts strength as much as peace among its goals, will sense that the Democrats have learned nothing from the Carter years and again choose Reagan, who could well lead the United States to war in a second term.

An equally dangerous circumstance could arise if the Democrats ride the peace issue to victory in 1984 and U.S. adversaries decide that pushing their interests will meet with no resistance. That, too, could lead to miscalculation and war. A great nation ought to be able to work out a set of strategies that give allies confidence and adversaries pause and that can be depended upon by both. The Democratic foreign policy on display at Dartmouth and enunciated by its Presidential candidates is a long way from that.

Pat Caddell's adventures in the wasteland.

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

THE MOST POPULAR Democratic Presidential candidate in the private polls today is a certain Senator Smith. Among likely Democratic caucus voters in Iowa he beats both Walter Mondale and John Glenn by two-to-one margins. Against Mondale alone, he wins again, 34 to 30 percent. And 71 percent would seriously consider supporting him rather than their current choice. In New Hampshire, 54 percent of the voters who say they will cast ballots in the primary for Mondale also say they would switch to Smith. Given his impressive showings, it's not surprising that Smith is admired on Capitol Hill. "God, I wish I knew Senator Smith," says Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware. "He's a helluva guy." Many Representatives and Senators want to emulate Smith because of his sudden rise. But there's only one insider in the Smith campaign—Patrick Caddell, the pollster. The reason is that Caddell made Senator Smith up.

Who is Smith? He is, according to a secret Caddell poll and a massive Caddell memo, a moderate liberal in his early 40s who has served in the Senate for a decade. He has bold solutions for the future; he doesn't support the past policies of either party. He calls for a new generation of leadership that will restore shared sacrifice and will put the national interest above particular interests. Caddell charts Smith's appeal by setting up a race in which his fictional candidate (disguised as "C") runs against two other fictional candidates, "A" and "B," who happen to have the exact characteristics of Mondale and Glenn. Then Caddell runs the fictional Smith against the real Mondale and Glenn. Smith always wins.

In Frank Capra's classic movie of all-American populism, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, the old politicians count on Senator Smith, the neophyte legislator played by Jimmy Stewart, to be a nonentity, thus allowing them to go on playing politics as usual. Caddell's Senator Smith really *is* a nonentity, but that doesn't keep him from being dangerous to the entrenched leadership. Caddell, through his influence with a politician who doesn't exist,

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has gained influence with politicians who do. To them, Smith has credibility, that impalpable but essential quality sought by all candidates. They understand that Smith is an ideal; but they also see him as an instrument by which Caddell has discovered the hidden weaknesses of the front-runner, Mondale, and by which he has located the volatile primary voters and figured out how they might be moved. In the Democratic wasteland, Smith routs the hollow men. And the seer is the figure everyone seeks.

Caddell argues that there's an "emotional vacuum" in the 1984 Democratic Presidential campaign, a "disconnect" between what the candidates offer and the voters want. This vacuum is what led Caddell to create Senator Smith in the first place. "If we substitute our version of the past for Reagan's, our placebos for his, our interest groups for his, we'll lose," Caddell says. "If we play neo-Reaganism, we'll lose; the public will buy the real thing. If we win without a vision, we'll relive the horror of the Carter Administration, and we won't be back in power for the rest of the century." Doom, in Caddell's view, is at hand. The curse can be lifted only through the advent of a potent young knight. Caddell scans the desolate scene and offers the scenario.

WHO IS Caddell? He is a 33-year-old political operative with more experience in national politics than anyone of his age. The last election in which he didn't "have" the Democratic nominee was in 1968, when he was a 17-year-old high school math nerd in Jacksonville, Florida. In 1972 he was the principal pollster for George McGovern; in 1976 and 1980, for Jimmy Carter. He has become something of an independent factor in Presidential politics. "Pat is a greater force than most Senators," says Biden, his friend and client. "People listen to him because of his track record and his great persuasive abilities. All he needs is a candidate." Since Carter's defeat, he's had many, including Harold Washington, now mayor of Chicago; Wilson Goode, now mayor of Philadelphia; Michael Dukakis, now governor of Massachusetts; and Mario Cuomo, now governor of New York. Caddell also has his detractors. In their view he is simply a manipulator, a power-tripper who uses numbers to get politicians and even a President to do his bidding. Or he is a bogus philosopher, a con man who believes his own pitch. In Washington this winter, Caddell has frequently been tagged as a member of the Jockey Club, whose members are politicos without a horse to ride. Rather than watch the race from the grandstands, he would conjure up a steed. (Caddell, however, insists that every Presidential campaign except Senator Ernest Hollings's has held serious discussions with him, some firmly offering him positions.)

With his physical bulk and white-streaked black beard, Caddell resembles an excitable giant panda. When he becomes engrossed in conversation, he will pace the floor, pointing his finger dramatically, his voice becoming gradually more intense over a period of hours. But the real source of his influence is his mode of thought, which is not that of the ordinary pollster. Most pollsters are literal-minded and backward-looking; what counts is what happened yesterday. But Caddell operates on the principle that anything the mind can imagine is real—a real possibility—and therefore can be acted on. With polling, he's able to show that if the public were presented with the product, they would buy it—polling as prophesy. "The future happens while we're watching the past," he says. "If what everybody says about 1988 is true, that it's going to be the battle for the future and produce a whole new generation of leadership on both sides, then something must be occurring right now. The future is right now."

CADDELL'S new strategy is partly an attempt to learn from Carter's political demise, which Caddell thinks was rooted in Carter's inability to translate the themes that elected him into a conceptual guide for governing. As Caddell tells it, Carter was a brilliant candidate in 1976, "talking about positive values, looking at problems in new ways. He was elected to be leader of the society, but failed to become leader of the government. So the bureaucracy churned out policy after policy, choking the process. There was a total lack of priority of agendas; there was everything for everyone, but no one stayed bought. Then Carter ran up against economic reality." In July 1979, as gas lines lengthened and Carter's popularity plummeted, the Administration's political crisis came to a head. Carter suddenly withdrew to Camp David for almost two weeks. In the council of state at Laurel Lodge, Caddell and Vice President Walter Mondale argued heatedly. Caddell demanded a transcendental "breakthrough" that would recapture the 1976 Carter. Mondale regarded Caddell's semi-mystical talk of a national crisis of the spirit as literally insane. Mondale thought the problem was gasoline, not malaise; he urged the President to speak at more labor conventions. Carter listened to Caddell. He came down from the mountain and delivered an address replete with morally uplifting themes. It was his last attempt to be born again. And for a few days he did in fact recapture some of the early magic of '76. But the abrupt and messy firings of cabinet members less than a week later—according to former Carter aides, the work of neither the Caddell nor the Mondale factions but of vengeful White House Georgians—dashed all hope. The Mondale-Caddell breach that opened during this episode foreshadowed the Smith-Mondale race of Caddell's 1984 polls. Two strains of the Carter Administration—themes, represented by Caddell, and interests, represented by Mondale—are at war.

While the Carter Administration was bleeding from inside, Reagan and the conservatives sharpened their knives. In trying to develop themes for the 1980 race, Caddell held meetings with the top policymakers, asking: "What is our vision of the future?" He recalls: "In the White House there was silence, shrugged shoulders up

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and down the line. The only way to win the election, since we had no vision to offer, was to offer the danger of Reagan." It didn't work. The principal lesson Caddell learned from Carter's loss to Reagan was that "we have to campaign on principles and ideas. Reagan is a man of convictions and belief. You can only best him when you put forward ideas that you fervently believe."

As Reagan enacted his economic program and the Democrats retreated, Caddell ruminated about the future. In mid-1983 his thoughts began to crystallize. Together with Senator Biden—whom he was beginning to think of as a potential President—he put together a speech that Biden delivered on September 13 to the New Jersey Democratic state convention. The 40-year-old Senator told these party regulars that the Democratic "vision has been blurred," that the party has become "the broker of narrow special interest." To challenge Reagan, the "false assumptions of his philosophy" must be challenged and a "national vision" advanced. He closed with an emotional summons to the post-World War II generation, saying, "Our party must mend the broken hearts of my generation with the same tonic that fired its political activism two decades ago, and end the political apathy and alienation that have characterized it for too long." The speech electrified the crowd. Biden repeated the performance later that month at the Maine state convention. More electricity. Caddell decided to write an analysis "that would speak to the possibilities."

ON OCTOBER 25 he produced a 150-page memo portentously entitled *The State of American Politics*, a critique of the Democratic Party and a strategy for launching a new Presidential candidacy. In the memo, Caddell sees "national degeneration—greed, special pleading, unfairness, myopia, cynicism, stagnation, and disunity." The Democrats are "wandering in a political desert" and on the edge of becoming "a lifeless force." No candidate in the field can rejuvenate "the fading promise of the American future." In the meantime, Reagan "maintains the political initiative." His great advantage is his "ideological conviction."

Within the Democratic Party, power has been redistributed to the "Capital Beltway party of Congress, lobbyists and interest groups." The Beltway party has engineered what amounts to a "political coup d'état." The danger is that the Beltway party, to guard its interests, would stymie innovative ideas and nominate "narrow-based candidates doomed to eventual defeat." Moreover, the real party is ideologically distant from the Beltway party. Both are liberal, but the real party is hostile to the "establishment" modes of thinking of the Beltway party, whose favorite son is, of course, Walter Mondale. The result is a "public vacuum," with, Caddell estimates, perhaps three-quarters of the party's activists not participating. But he sees how they might be mobilized. "Presidential campaigns," he writes, "are won first and foremost on ideas." It's still possible, the memo argues, to mount a candidacy.

Caddell then describes an ideal candidate who would speak urgently for the "national interest," be explicitly "generational," and take risks which would certify his credibility. His salient theme would be that the "future is at risk." We face a "twin peril": Reaganism and a Democratic Party lost in a fog of nostalgia and interest groups. The candidate would propose a new "social compact to seize the future." Caddell then elaborately details policies that might comprise such a compact, ranging from tax reform to industrial policy. Finally, he writes, the hope of "revitalizing America" falls to the new generation. Caddell dreams that its activism can be re-ignited, its commitment re-instilled, that the "apathy and alienation that has shrouded it for too long" can be lifted.

BUT LIKE his earlier formulation of American "malaise," Caddell's statement is a diagnosis without a cure. He attempts to draw a vision from a critique, presenting his themes as if they were a coherent, fully formed ideology. But the notion that "the future is at risk," however true, is not an ideology. It is not even a concept; it is a fear. The "national interest," moreover, is a vaporous container that can be filled with almost anything. The weakness of Caddell's intellectual method is that one cannot adduce an ideology from studying the short-term anxieties of the electorate, however useful that study may be for designing particular campaigns. The policies Caddell describes and his call for a "social compact" don't necessarily flow from his logic. Mondale, just as easily as Smith, could support Caddell's program—and, for the most part, he does. In the end, Caddell's argument is a plea for a motivating idea in politics rather than the idea itself.

About a dozen copies of Caddell's mammoth memo were made, stamped "confidential," and circulated to his friends, mostly younger political operatives. In late November, Caddell tested his notions in a poll of Iowa Democrats. He posed two initial questions. The first stated: "While there is not a crisis in the country now, things are slipping out of control and we need new and fundamentally different solutions if we are to solve America's problems." Seventy-seven percent agreed. The second: "While there are problems in America, things are not more serious than they have been before and the solutions we've used in the past will work again." Only 14 percent agreed. Did Walter Mondale have "fresh ideas"? Only 18 percent said yes. And 56 percent agreed that both Mondale and Glenn "spend too much time arguing about the past; we need a Presidential candidate who will look to the future." Caddell discovered that the most volatile votes are liberal "baby boomers," among whom the men tend to be angry and the women depressed. Into this potentially unstable situation, which to those on the outside may appear calm and certain, Caddell introduces Senator Smith. It's no contest, at least in the computer printout.

In mid-1983 Senator Dale Bumpers was approached. He gave some serious consideration to making a run, but

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decided in the end against it. Senator Christopher Dodd was also sounded out, but he felt unready for the leap. Then the question was raised with Biden, for whom the themes were second nature. To Caddell, Biden more than anyone else was Smith. Biden mulled it over—would he give up his Senate seat, which is up in 1984? Was this the right time for him?—and decided in early January not to do it.

By now Caddell had taken another poll, this one for the Citizens Coalition for Arms Control, a group that favors the nuclear freeze. Glenn's support among New Hampshire voters was fading, the poll found, but it wasn't drifting over to Mondale. The ranks of the undecided were swelling. Moreover, by a 48 to 43 percent margin, voters felt that a new candidate should enter the race because "the current ones are not offering any new ideas or real solutions." Before the poll was commissioned, Representative Edward Markey of Massachusetts, a prominent advocate of the freeze, had been urged by a few prominent movement leaders to consider a Presidential bid. When he saw Caddell's poll he paused for a moment but quickly decided to pass. Still, in theory, the ground was fertile for Smith.

Caddell had now figured out another crucial piece of the Smith puzzle—how to finesse the "frontloading" of the delegate selection process—the bunching of primaries early in the race that would seem to favor an established front-runner. "Frontloading," says Caddell, "has a perverse potential, a possible mutation. The distance between Iowa and New Hampshire has been closed to a week, maximizing the momentum factor with a surprise. If you surprise in both, come in a surprise second in Iowa and on that momentum win New Hampshire, you move into a situation with two weeks to Super Tuesday [the 'national primary' day in mid-March]. This candidate is riding momentum, mounting a blitzkrieg of free media. And there's probably not enough time for the party establishment to regroup and counterattack effectively." And then Smith would win. But the filing deadline for the New Hampshire primary, January 3, came and went, and Smith did not materialize. By a process of elimination, only those already in the race remained to claim his mantle.

"THE IRONY is that I haven't been with Gary all along," says Caddell. After all, it was Gary Hart, as McGovern's campaign manager, who hired Caddell, then a Harvard undergraduate, in 1972. Later Caddell assisted Hart in both his Senate campaigns in Colorado, and the two men maintained a close if sometimes strained friendship. But for '84 Caddell was looking for someone with more fire. For his part, the self-contained Hart had difficulty asking for help. As 1984 dawned, Hart's campaign appeared stalled, partly because of his seeming inability to project emotional intensity. Caddell had run out of Smiths, and Hart was all that was left; for Hart, Caddell's strategy was the new departure his campaign desperately needed. Mutual friends insisted that Hart and Caddell talk. So, last Sunday, Caddell found himself in New Hampshire, in a room at the Hanover Inn, on the campus of Dartmouth College, helping Gary Hart prepare for the three-hour, nationally televised debate.

Though Hart is the nearest facsimile among the eight Democrats in the race, he does not measure up to Smith. If Hart were Smith, then Hart, like Smith, would be running ahead of Mondale. In Sunday's debate, Hart, like Smith, spoke of the future, of a new generation of leadership, of transcending politics-as-usual. And in Monday's papers, Hart got good reviews. In *The Washington Post*, Martin Schram said Hart "scored significantly"; David Broder, also in the *Post*, said it was "his strongest pitch of the campaign"; Howell Raines of *The New York Times* said Hart gave "the liveliest and most aggressive" performance, suggesting that he "might be able to mount the vigorous campaign originally expected of him." But Hart, unlike Smith, has not vaulted out of the second tier. Smith had been the imaginary personification of None Of The Above; Hart is very much one of the above.

The story of the 1984 campaign of Senator Smith thus ends rather inconclusively, without a tidy resolution. Its anticlimactic finish, however, doesn't deter the drawing of at least one lesson about Smith's flesh-and-blood colleagues. Every study shows that voting participation appears to be on the increase, especially in groups traditionally loyal to the Democratic Party. Plainly, voters want to vote. But as Smith's strong showing demonstrated, they do not yet much want to vote for the available Democratic Presidential alternatives. The gap between the public and the field is still huge. And freebooters like Patrick Caddell are pulled into the vacuum, where they can exercise their special influence. If there were no wasteland there would be no clamor for the seer.

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The resurrection of Saul Alinsky.

NEIGHBORHOOD COPS

BY PETER SKERRY

San Antonio

LAST NOVEMBER an outfit called Communities Organized for Public Service held its annual convention here. The convention—bringing together delegations from about thirty Mexican-American parishes—marked the tenth anniversary of COPS, the longest lived and most successful of the many community organizations inspired by the teachings of the late Saul Alinsky, the grass-roots activist and writer who died in 1972. Along with the seven thousand delegates crowded into Hemisfair Arena were dozens of politicians who had come to pay their respects to an organization they would love to dismiss, but cannot. Showing up at COPS's "accountability nights"—carefully staged confrontations with the determinedly nonpartisan COPS membership—has become a necessary part of office-holding in San Antonio. The new Democratic governor, Mark White, was there to proclaim November 20, 1983, "COPS day in Texas." Despite many past disagreements, San Antonio's ambitious young Mexican-American mayor, Henry Cisneros, was there to pay tribute, as were high-ranking labor leaders. And on stage throughout the entire two-and-a-half-hour proceeding was Archbishop Patricio Flores, the son of a Texas farm worker family, who closed the convention with a blessing from Pope John Paul II.

The story behind COPS's unusual longevity and influence is one from which liberals can learn a great deal. COPS has flourished in San Antonio, but it gets sustenance from a remarkable group of Alinsky-inspired organizations across the country. Together COPS and its sister organizations challenge those who applaud such grass-roots politics but hedge their bets by advocating new programs in Washington. COPS rejects the top-down approach as paternalistic and insists that meaningful change can only come by building self-supporting community organizations.

The existence of COPS is due largely to the efforts of Ernesto Cortes Jr., a native of San Antonio and a graduate of the city's Central Catholic High School. He went on to Texas A&M in the early 1960s, when few Mexican-Americans got to call themselves Aggies. After working with several Alinsky organizations in the Midwest, he returned to his hometown in the early 1970s to challenge the Anglo elite that had long dominated San Antonio.

Relying on the Alinsky dictum of building on indigenous institutions, Cortes spent months interviewing priests and lay leaders in poor Mexican-American parishes on the city's West Side. But unlike the many ideologically inclined activists who had preceded him, Cortes took seriously the demands of struggling homeowners for adequate street drainage to protect their children and their property from flash floods. A willingness to seize on such mundane objectives has enabled Cortes and his successors to mobilize the hundreds of West Side housewives, whose volunteer efforts keep COPS going.

It is not surprising that Mexican-American culture is part of the social glue of the organization. But because street drainage is the kind of issue around which COPS rallies, explicit ethnic appeals have not been made. In some parishes COPS meetings are conducted in Spanish, but more typical is the use of English with intermittent Spanish. This was true at the convention, prompting some leaders to complain that many older, non-English-speaking delegates felt left out. There may be concessions to the use of more Spanish in 1984, but the organizers generally resist this, arguing that "English is the language of power." They are proud of their Mexican heritage, but pragmatic about what it takes to gain political power.

Fundamental to the success of COPS has been the support of Archbishop Flores, himself the beneficiary of a COPS letter-writing campaign when the hierarchy was considering his appointment. With the archbishop's blessing, COPS has fitted itself into the parish structure of the diocese. Still, each parish decides for itself whether to join the organization; many of the more middle-class congregations have chosen not to. But in the thirty parishes that have joined, COPS functions effectively as the bargaining agent to politicians, who have traditionally worked the parishes for votes. In return, COPS assesses each member parish dues, which in many instances come right off the top of each Sunday's collection.

As the convention roster suggests, COPS is now the major nonbusiness political force in San Antonio. Over the past decade it has not only delivered improved streets and drainage, it has also brought about the demolition of substandard housing and the construction of blocks of single-family homes. It has fought for zoning changes to control the growth of junkyards in low-income neighborhoods. And it has begun to direct economic development away from affluent areas and toward poor Mexican-American neighborhoods. At no time is COPS's power

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Peter Skerry is working on a book about Mexican-American politics.

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more in evidence than each spring, when it virtually controls $17 million in federal community development block grants.

Statewide, COPS plays a leading role in an increasingly potent Mexican-American voting bloc. In recent months it has pushed education finance reform to the political foreground in Texas. On these forays into state politics COPS is helped by fledgling sister organizations from Austin, Fort Worth, El Paso, Houston, and the Rio Grande Valley. Known as Texas Interfaith, this collection of groups, is emerging as a force in Texas politics.

TEXAS INTERFAITH is itself joined by Alinsky organizations scattered across the nation in places like East Los Angeles, Baltimore, and Brooklyn, which together form the Industrial Areas Foundation network. I.A.F. was founded in Chicago some forty years ago by Saul Alinsky. In the late 1960s, when Alinsky was busy writing and speaking, I.A.F. was taken in hand by his associate Ed Chambers, a former Catholic seminarian. Today Chambers is national director of I.A.F. From his headquarters in New York City, he runs the foundation as a collegium with a "cabinet" of four organizers, including Ernesto Cortes.

Chambers and his colleagues are the undisputed heirs to the Alinsky legacy. But it would be a mistake to see them as dutiful disciples of the master. Cortes met Alinsky only twice and is known not to have been particularly fond of his abrasive manner. Another cabinet member remembers meeting Alinsky, questioning one of his statements, and being promptly thrown out of the room.

It is thus not surprising that Chambers and company have thoroughly reworked Alinsky's method. To be sure, I.A.F. organizations bear his hallmarks, articulated in *Reveille for Radicals* and *Rules for Radicals*, Alinsky's two books on organizing. There is the effort to attract members by appealing to their self-interest, not to leftist ideology or abstract notions of civic duty. In its reliance on confrontation, COPS aims to give individuals who have no sense of power a taste of their collective ability to command the attention of those who do. There's the goal of building a broad-based, multi-issue organization by bringing together existing institutions around the community's natural leaders. Most striking is the unabashed emphasis on building a "power organization." As one I.A.F. organizer puts it, "Power is such a good thing, everyone should have some."

The Alinsky emphasis on self-reliance is also much in evidence. The I.A.F.'s iron rule is "Never do for people what they can do for themselves." At a recent I.A.F. meeting for trainees from around the country, not a single name tag was to be seen: people simply had to find out about each other on their own. More significant is COPS's policy of not accepting any government support. This policy was adhered to by I.A.F. even when Sam Brown, director of ACTION in the Carter Administration, was supplying VISTA workers to other community organizations. Like Alinsky, who denounced the War on Poverty as "political pornography," I.A.F. today criticizes government programs for fostering dependencies while neglecting to develop the innate political capacities of poor communities. But though these traditional elements of Alinsky organizing are present, I.A.F. and COPS in particular have moved well beyond them.

The most obvious change is the long-term relationship that I.A.F. headquarters now maintains with local affiliates like COPS. In the old days Alinsky would send out his people once, to put together an organization and then leave. The inevitable result was that groups like the Woodlawn Organization, in Chicago, and FIGHT, in Rochester, pursued their own goals and rejected Alinsky principles. Chambers's solution has been to staff local organizations with organizers working three-year rotations. This has also enabled Chambers to recruit new organizers with the promise of places to train and eventually employ them.

The development of this network has been part of Chambers's effort to make organizing a career. Gone are the days when Alinsky organizers were quixotic troublemakers willing to thrive on low pay and long hours. Today the hours may still be grueling, but the pay is respectable. A trainee organizer starts off with an annual salary of about $15,000, and can move up to a lead organizer position paying well over $30,000. Cabinet members do substantially better. I.A.F. organizers consider themselves professionals. Unlike community organizing efforts such as Massachusetts Fair Share, I.A.F. avoids recruiting recent college graduates willing to live from hand to mouth. In an organization built around the self-interest of members, the self-interest of staff is also taken seriously.

In order to attract such people, I.A.F. must do better than serve up the watered-down New Leftism promoted these days by groups like Tom Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy. Although many I.A.F. organizers are veteran civil rights and student activists, they are sympathetically critical of movements built around charismatic leaders who have no organization capable of surviving them. As a black minister declared at the COPS convention in a swipe at Jesse Jackson, "We are not a rainbow coalition. We are planned, crafted, and labored into birth. We are not a romantic grass-roots organization."

I.A.F. is similarly critical of public interest lawyers. In part, this reflects a gut sense that the quickest way for an organizing drive to lose momentum is to let it get bogged down in legal proceedings. But I.A.F. also sees public interest law as a new variant of paternalistic liberalism—proffering rights without teaching people the political skills to obtain power for themselves.

MORE GENERALLY, I.A.F. is disaffected with what it sees as an obsession in America today with individual rights. Though local organizations have avoided controversial social issues, Chambers and his colleagues are unsympathetic to efforts to expand rights with regard to drugs, abortion, or pornography. To some extent this reflects the cultural conservatism of the groups with which

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I.A.F. has worked, especially Mexican-Americans. But also important are the personal values of I.A.F. organizers themselves, a good number of whom come from conservative ethnic Catholic backgrounds. I.A.F.'s stance reflects a long-standing affinity between Alinsky's approach and Catholic social teaching, dating back to Alinsky's first organizing efforts in the 1930s, in Chicago's Catholic parishes, and continuing with his association with the neo-Thomist philosopher Jacques Maritain.

I.A.F.'s focus on family and group life puts it in self-conscious opposition to some contemporary liberal notions. Chambers and his colleagues speak of the way ethnic churches, labor unions, and political machines used to integrate marginal groups into the mainstream, and deplore the fact that these institutions no longer serve this function. Hence, they argue, there is a greater need than ever to overcome the atomization of modern society by involving individuals, not in some overarching mass organization, but in many smaller organizations.

But if the loyalties of family and parish are the building blocks of COPS, this is merely the point of departure. After all, in communities where I.A.F. works, such sentiments are abundant. As Ernesto Cortes declared to the COPS convention, the goal of I.A.F. is for the powerless and alienated "to learn the art of public discourse and political argument." In essence, I.A.F. seeks to teach groups like the Mexican-Americans of San Antonio how to build on, and then transcend, natural ties of family and ethnicity.

AS A RESULT, COPS organizers spend much time teaching the differences between private and public life. They stress how the diffuse, unconditioned relations of family life are fundamentally different from the quid pro quo relations of politics. This is a crucial lesson for politically unsophisticated housewives (and their husbands), who tend to project the familiar world of the family onto the unfamiliar world of politics. COPS teaches its people not to succumb to the blandishments of politicians who instinctively manipulate them by adopting the manners of the private realm—addressing them by their first names or commenting on their new hairdos. All COPS meetings with "power people" are conducted in the most business-like fashion.

Within COPS similar standards prevail. Members are taught to conduct meetings in public places, like church halls, rather than in private homes. Members observe the formalities of Mexican-American culture and avoid addressing one another by first names. It is understood that members who rise within COPS to become "leaders" (not to be confused with COPS organizers) are like all leaders in that they act out of self-interest. Therefore the day-to-day life of the organization is marked by continual bargaining. And because they are understood to speak not merely for themselves but for their followers, COPS leaders learn in the course of such bargaining to overcome the (literal) parochialism of their followers and to apprehend the needs of the larger organization. The immediate self-interest that originally brought a member into the organization is refined into the broader self-interest of a leader.

There is, of course, nothing uniquely Catholic about any of this. It is basically just good organization politics—albeit of the sort that is increasingly rare. Nevertheless, there is a genuine religious dimension to I.A.F. organizing. For though it uses the organizational life of churches for its own ends, I.A.F. has in turn allowed itself to be influenced by the churches. Ten years ago I.A.F. went into parishes and immediately began organizing around political issues. But in recent years its organizers have moved toward theological reflection, to the point where they have developed a series of Bible study classes to get prospective members thinking about the spiritual life of their parish. From the outside this may look opportunistic, but parish priests praise I.A.F. organizers for challenging them theologically and getting them to rethink their clerical role.

THESE RELIGIOUS activities are only one of several challenges COPS presents for otherwise sympathetic liberal observers. With its emphasis on self-help and voluntarism (recall that, unlike organizers, COPS leaders receive no pay), COPS embodies many of the Reagan Administration's favorite social policy themes. Indeed, as one I.A.F. cabinet member put it, "You know, Reagan is about 30 percent right." I.A.F. certainly does not favor the dismemberment of the welfare state, but it is critical of many liberal axioms undergirding it.

The way in which COPS has put federal block grants to use is highly instructive. Liberals have opposed block grants on the grounds that city and state governments are unlikely to direct federal aid to those most in need. In San Antonio, however, COPS has fought its way into the local decision-making process and, without controlling federal funds directly, has been able to channel them into favored projects in the parishes. Far more than providing the material means to reward COPS's members, the block grants create a local political arena in which COPS assumes the risks and responsibilities of wielding real power.

As COPS begins its second decade, the organization faces a new challenge: how to sustain its genuine achievement of teaching "the art of public discourse and political argument" to the politically uninitiated. There is a danger that the leaders will come to be dominated by the paid organizers, especially since it is an operation where the organizers are conscious of themselves as teachers. And, as COPS continues to grow, more politicians will clamor to be identified with it. This will make it increasingly difficult for COPS to distance itself from politicians by putting them on the spot in public forums. Similarly, as COPS develops allies, there will be added pressures to identify itself with a particular party or a set agenda, thus undercutting the unpredictability that COPS has used so effectively to keep politicians on their toes. COPS might eventually follow the path of conventional interest-group politics. But regardless of what the future brings, COPS and I.A.F. have already raised important questions, and set before liberals a sympathetic critique of the social policies on which they continue to stake their political fortunes.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Italian Conductors, Soviet Detectives

Dear Maestro, like *Basileus Quartet* which I reviewed last week, is a strikingly good Italian film about musicians, written and directed by a newcomer. Although there's no further resemblance between the two pictures, it's still an extraordinary coincidence.

Luciano Odorisio, the writer-director of *Dear Maestro*, was born in Chieti, a city in the Abruzzi, and sets his film there. Thus the setting has the same relation to the work that Rimini has to some Fellini films and Lyons to some Tavernier: the birthplace has resources that a native can mine. Odorisio has worked for RAI, the Italian radio and television system, and has been an assistant to the Taviani brothers. *Dear Maestro* was produced by RAI and was first shown on Italian television. (It was shot in 16mm, then blown up, but very little of it looks grainy.) It's more subtle than any Taviani film I've seen, and it immediately marks Odorisio as an individual. Along with a view of its own, the film also has a similarity to some other good European work of the last twenty years: it unites a sense of the past with an astringent modern temperament.

Dear Maestro
(New Line)

Gorky Park
(Orion)

Odorisio's theme is corruption, the most insidious kind—not corruption by venality or sensuality but of loyalty by ego. The world is too much with the two friends who are at the center of the story, and what is worse, they know it. Chieti, itself a combination of the old and the strenuously chic, is about to revive a custom that has been in abeyance: a municipally sponsored series of grand concerts performed by a large orchestra, 120 musicians. The crux of the story is the choice of conductor. At first it seems to be Franco, 40, born and resident in Chieti where he teaches music and conducts small groups. Then, deliberately engineered gossip stimulates the return of Andrea, also 40, also a native, now resident in Milan where he works for RAI conducting scores for TV films and where he has just been disappointed in advancement. Franco and Andrea are old friends, though they haven't seen each other much in recent years; and both are at the age when it is imperative to move up—or else never move up. The problem for each man is how to win the conducting job, which means beating out the other, without betraying what each is in himself and what each has meant to the other.

The problem is deepened by private complications. We know more than Franco does about his wife, Marta; we know more about Andrea than does his wife, Laura. In fact, the film begins with a rendezvous between Marta and her lover, who is older than her husband, and the steamiest scenes are between them. On the other hand, Andrea's affair with a woman in his musical group is only hinted at. (Odorisio displays understanding of sexual heat and of suggestion.) Marta's affair is further weighted because her lover is a Chieti grandee who can affect her husband's appointment, though it's not implied that this is the reason for the affair. Andrea's escapade seems run-of-the-mill fortyish flinging and also a symptom of personal disappointment.

Character is the core of the film, character both as the visible material of the drama and as the invisible theater where the drama takes place. Every significant person in the film is fully realized—by the writer-director and by the actor. Franco is played by Michele Placido, with impatience, humor, fear, strength. Andrea is played by the more reticent yet equally strong Adalberto Maria Merli, with gentle, sexy bitterness. Franco, though he has a gray-streaked beard, seems somewhat less mature than his coeval, the clean-shaven Andrea. Franco, the provincial, is entangled in small-town maneuverings. Andrea, the neo-Milanese, has a somewhat wearier, smarter air—reminiscent of the Milanese novelist in *La Notte*—but, when he returns to his birthplace, he quickly picks up the bobbins of gossip-weaving. Marta is played by Giuliana De Sio, a good actress, physically radiant, with truth in her marital being and truth in her divided self. Laura is Anna Bonaiuto, who has understanding and pride. A key role, the seemingly benign town gossip, is done by Tino Schirinzi like a man who has spent much of his life in cafés at small tables with small bits of quasi-information over small cups of coffee.

Odorisio himself knows how to make ironic mischief. In one sequence Franco is spying on a couple in a parked car, thinking that the woman may be Marta; we know that it *is* Marta, but a sudden rain keeps Franco from seeing the faces. He does, however, see the bodies as the pair begin to make love, and behind a bush Franco is sufficiently excited to accompany them solo. Later, Franco is having one of his chronic nervous stom-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Basileus Quartet. A new young member of a veteran string quartet upsets, unintentionally, the lives of the three older men. Italian. Strong and delicate. (Reviewed 1/30/84)

The Dresser. Fine acting by Albert Finney as an old star on his last day, Tom Courtenay as his helpful but dependent dresser. Britain, 1942. (12/12/83)

Reuben, Reuben. Tom Conti exquisitely melancholy and wry in a role based on Dylan Thomas's last days in America. Kelly McGillis golden as his last love. (1/30/84)

Terms of Endearment. Acute writing and directing, American film acting at its near best, in this account of a young woman, her marriage, her odd mother, her mother's sly lover. (12/26/83)

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ach convulsions when he runs into Andrea; Andrea, who unwittingly is the cause of the attack, searches Franco's pockets for the pills to relieve his friend. A scene in which the town gossip plants the seeds of division in Andrea is played in the Chieti opera house lobby in front of a plaque to Verdi, who helped plant seeds of unity in Italy a century before. Andrea, in Milan, comes into his living room to tell his wife that he is going out—we learn that it's to a rendezvous. Laura is watching TV, Astaire and Rogers doing "Let's Face the Music and Dance" in *Follow the Fleet*. Two neat points here: the smile that crosses Andrea's face as he sees what's on TV, a smile that discloses old affections; the contrast between the couple who are watching the dance and the idealized romance they are watching.

But the most telling scene is the last, a scene that, in its tacit eloquence, can compare with the end of Olmi's *Il Posto*. At the Chieti railroad station, as Andrea is about to return to Milan, Franco encounters him. Neither one knows what the other knows about the conducting appointment. They don't discuss the matter in any forthright way; they are locked in embarrassed friendship. They make conversation. Each, we feel, is trying to break down, weep, be open; neither can abdicate the throne of his being. The needs of healthy ego constrict the health of love.

The acting and the writing of this scene, and the cutting between one face and the other, are so fine that the encounter not only concludes the film beautifully, with painful retroactive resonances, it certifies again some of the unique and wonderful possibilities of film itself.

Those who have read Martin Cruz Smith's novel *Gorky Park* will judge the screen version by the way it does, or doesn't, satisfactorily transmute the book. I came to the picture fresh and found it a generally engrossing political thriller. As many already know, it's about the solution of (initially) three murders in Moscow and about the rivalry in the case between the Moscow militia and the K.G.B.

The atmosphere of Moscow and environs is well evoked—through Finnish locations. (The Stockholm sequences were shot in Stockholm.) The screenplay by Dennis Potter is nicely knit and maintains the air of calm in the middle

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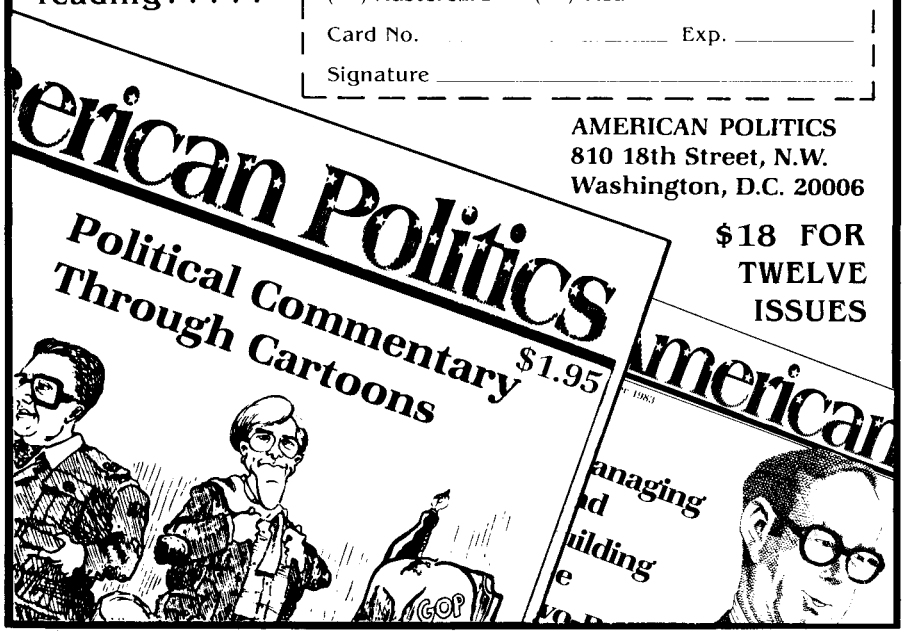

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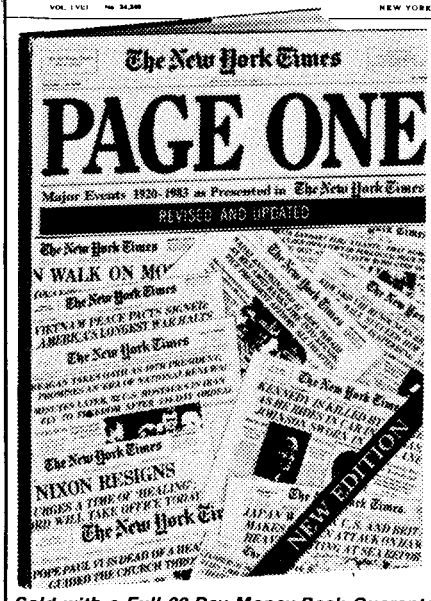

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of the storm that intelligent action pictures need. Only a few sequences are flatly incredible, which isn't a bad percentage, and only one early incident is a patent tipoff that our hero must ignore if the plot is to continue. Michael Apted, who directed *Coal Miner's Daughter* well, does equally well with this quite different story, except that he includes some of the stock moves of mysteries. Character A is in the foreground with seemingly irrelevant people behind him; when A leaves, the camera suddenly focuses on one of the seemingly unimportant background figures. Thus we know that A is being tailed. Or the camera moves down a street as A walks down the other side of the street, and the camera stops on a figure in a car in the foreground; and again we know that A is being tailed. Won't at least one mystery director take an oath never to use those two devices?

With one major defect, the cast is just right, right down the line. Joanna Pacula, Polish-born, who makes her debut as a politically and personally tormented woman, has force and tenderness. Brian Dennehy, who was the pilot in *Never Cry Wolf*, is apparently Brian Keith's successor in heavy-breathing, barrel-chested, gnomic macho roles; here he's a New York detective seeking revenge in Russia. A number of dependable English actors are seen along the way, like well-set jewels, including Alexander Knox, who, in 1944, played the title role in *Wilson*. The gap in the cast is the hero, William Hurt, who tries hard, means well, but has little innate power. He looks especially weak next to Lee Marvin, playing an American who deals in Soviet deals. Marvin has more zing in a word or a glance than Hurt can summon in the whole picture.

The most impressive aspect of *Gorky Park* is its daring request for sympathy. We are asked to identify with a Moscow detective, in his struggle with the K.G.B., in his romance, in his career troubles. He is loyal throughout, although he does secretly play one highly vindictive trick on his country because of romantic frustration. The film's most humane accomplishment—the book's, too, I assume—is that it makes us care about the fate of a loyal Soviet policeman.

THE MYTH OF THE MEDIUM

Channels of Power: The Impact of Television on American Politics by Austin Ranney

(Basic, 207 pp., $14.95)

Those *New Republic* editors are a devious bunch. Here is a book birthed by that conservative think tank, the American Enterprise Institute, likely to raise liberal hackles by its very parentage. How to skewer the book? Let a television anchor review it. How delicious it would be now to give *Channels of Power* a rave. Fear not, Kondracke. It's a mediocre book.

Austin Ranney strives so hard to be fair that he deserves some points at least for open-mindedness. Somewhere, however, there is a fine line where open-mindedness bleeds into empty-headedness. Ranney crosses that line on so many occasions that one despairs of ever learning what he believes. Two hundred and twenty-two footnotes give you some insight into what a great many people believe, from Edith Efron and Spiro Agnew on the right to Robert Cirino on the left. As for Ranney: "It seems to me, somewhat to my surprise, that neither side is talking total nonsense." Fine; but when the time comes to set forth his own views clearly:

> . . . although I can and now will try to assess the good and bad effects that television has had upon the American political system, I cannot say in any instance that television is the sole, or even clearly the most important, cause of the effects that I like or dislike.

Ranney's problem is even more basic than that, though. He knows just enough about television to be thoroughly confused by its nature. So it is that at the beginning of his opus he tells us through the voice of the writer David Littlejohn that television is dull and blurred of definition. "The very nature of our television receivers and our usual locus of viewing forces a distracted, low-intensity response. This is not a page of clear print to be focused on privately, nor a living stage or commanding screen in a public theatre." And yet, by the end of the book, without a trace of embarrassment, or perhaps more to the point, any effort to resolve inconsistencies, Ranney concludes that "[television's] pictures and sounds simulate life and compel attention much more than do radio's sounds or the words of newspapers, books or magazines." On one page we are told that "selection and editing while significant in producing newspapers, are the very essence of television news." Scarcely two pages later we seem to be reading the obverse: "Thus the distinctive thing about television news is not the events it chooses to report but how it reports them." One is tempted to blame such inconsistencies on poor proofreading but for the fact that there are so many of them.

Of the effect of television on American politics, Ranney observes that

> By [television's] unblinking stare at what presidential candidates are saying and doing it has not only made them more aware that it is at least as important to look good as to do good, but it has also tempted them to inflate their rhetoric out of all proportion in making their promises, evaluating their achievements and criticizing their adversaries. The new presidential rhetoric was well exemplified by John F. Kennedy's stirring proclamation in his inaugural address: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of liberty." Television certainly encourages such grandiloquence. . . .

Does it seem unnecessarily small-minded to quibble over the relevance of Kennedy's rolling cadences in his inaugural address to what television has tempted Presidential *candidates* to do? Perhaps. But surely it is not irrelevant to allow one's memory to dart among the television-inflated rhetoric of Goldwater and Johnson, or to bask in the grandiloquence of other subsequent Ciceros of the Presidential candidate variety. Whose electronically charged eloquence leaps to mind? Nixon's?

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Humphrey's? Gerald Ford's, perhaps? Or Jimmy Carter's? If "grandiloquence" is the new currency of this television era, then why has the process produced such simpering practitioners?

History reminds us that the high voltage of John Kennedy's inaugural warning had more to do with his concerns over Soviet intentions in Berlin and the extension of Chinese influence in Laos than with the imperatives of television. Indeed, the high priest of electronic entrail-readers, the late Marshall McLuhan, is quoted at some length (and approvingly, it seems) by author Ranney to the effect that television favors the "cool" candidate. Ranney himself argues, in one of those bewildering about-turns that makes one wonder whether he has read his own book, that "the TV-room situation calls for a pleasant and friendly presence, a moderate tone of voice, small and natural gestures and a general conversational manner." Then he quotes Tony Schwartz ("one of the most successful of the political media specialists") as having written: "A politician who typically speaks to large audiences, in a grandiose style, must adjust his speech scale for television or radio."

So we are told, in the space of some thirty-odd pages, that a grandiose speaking style must be adjusted downward for television and that television encourages Kennedyesque "grandiloquence" and "tempts politicians to inflate their rhetoric out of all proportion." Austin Ranney meet Austin Ranney.

IRONICALLY, the most instructive aspect of Ranney's book is its very confusion. Television, like all of its mass-media predecessors, extends and exaggerates reach. Of course each new mass medium alters our capacity to influence one another. That was as true of the first printing press as it will be of direct satellite broadcasting when it takes hold; but ultimately, it is still the messenger, and not the medium, that matters.

Ronald Reagan, recently reaffirmed by *Time* magazine as "The Great Communicator," emerged, it should be remembered, as one of conservatism's most valued spokesmen when he was traveling the banquet circuit for General Electric. It was the theme of his speeches, the simplicity of his political credo, and the nostalgia for a better bygone era which that credo evoked, that

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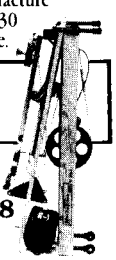

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turned the actor/trade-unionist into a viable candidate for governor of California. The movies and television gave Reagan recognizability, and his theme (basically unchanged over twenty years) gave him acceptability. But from a national point of view at least, the former without the latter, the image without the idea, is largely useless. Which is why, given the current political mood of the country, an Ed Asner would probably not succeed politically, despite his high profile.

The notion cannot be proved—nor, for that matter, disproved—but had television been as ubiquitous in the 1920s as it is today, the visionary ideas of Norman Thomas would still have required the shattering impact of the Great Depression, the passing of a decade or more, and the political genius of F.D.R. to gain national acceptance.

It may be argued that television's reach is wider but not deeper than that of an afterdinner speaker. If his message is too complex, too radical, or too reactionary for the banquet circuit, it will neither be enhanced nor made more potent on television. Those who seek to unravel the mysteries of communicating by television, or who seek to accommodate the political process to some "new reality" of a television era, are missing the point. If Americans voted purely or even largely on the basis of telegeneity, Goldwater would have beaten Johnson, and Humphrey would have beaten Nixon. Much has been made over the years of John Kennedy's "victory" in his television debates with Richard Nixon; but Nixon was a poor television performer while Kennedy was phenomenal. Kennedy's razor-thin margin of victory over Nixon ought, at least, to suggest the overriding importance of other factors.

The communicator who does well with a heterogeneous audience of five thousand in a hall will do well with a like audience of five million on television. The incumbent or well-known candidate had a leg up on his political rival before the age of television. The same holds true today. An unpopular President could be beaten before the age of television (Hoover) and in the age of television's greatest power (Carter). Austin Ranney and Marshall McLuhan notwithstanding, it is not the medium but the candidate and the message that still count.

TED KOPPEL

Ted Koppel is anchorman and editorial manager of ABC-TV's "Nightline."

SEX PLEASE, WE'RE VICTORIANS

The Bourgeois Experience: Victoria to Freud Volume I: Education of the Senses by Peter Gay

(Oxford University Press, 534 pp., $25)

Peter Gay is among the most productive and venturesome of living historians. He is best known as a student of the European Enlightenment, on which he published five books between 1959 and 1970. More recently he has written extensively on the culture of modernism. In his new book he assaults the terrain lying between these two enterprises: *Education of the Senses* is a study of middle-class sexuality from Victoria to Freud. It is, moreover, the first of five promised volumes that, taken together, will survey nineteenth-century bourgeois culture in its entirety.

The book covers a great deal of ground, drawing on a wide range of materials and arguing its way with remarkable inventiveness through several vexed moral and historiographical issues. Gay's mastery of the secondary literature on nineteenth-century culture is nothing short of obscene (the volume boasts a forty-six page bibliographical essay of the sort one has come to expect from him), and he traffics with equal comfort in literary works, medical treatises, and advice manuals, not to mention painting and sculpture. He has also immersed himself in the technical writings of psychoanalysis, which provide his study with its conceptual framework and over which he exercises an easy control. It is almost outrageous that he should in addition have unearthed a substantial number of primary documents—family papers, diaries, letters—that speak eloquently to his topic. In short, this is a very learned book, bringing to the subject of Victorian sexuality far richer empirical resources and greater analytic acuity than any previous study.

ONE IS LOATH to reduce such a large and complex book to a single thesis. But since it tilts so provocatively at received wisdom about Victorianism, it virtually demands programmatic treatment. Fairly or not, it is destined to be known as the book that puts sex back into the nineteenth century.

Its most consistent target of criticism is the notion that women in the Victorian age were sexually anesthetic. Gay counters this idea with evidence drawn from the diaries and correspondence of the period. His favorite authority—she is in fact made the subject of an independent biographical portrait—is Mabel Loomis Todd (1857-1932), an American whose erotic journal documents that she was unashamedly orgasmic with both her husband and her lover. Gay finds further support in the only scientific survey of female sexuality conducted during the nineteenth century, Clelia Mosher's inquiry of 1892 into the sexual lives of forty-five American women. "There were many bourgeois communions in that age," he concludes, "which produced, for wife and husband alike, that beautiful feeling of climax which Mabel Todd knew so well." He is careful to allow for the limitations and biases of his sources, and scrupulous to include instances, such as the Swedish novelist Victoria Benedictsson, of nineteenth-century women who were manifestly frigid. But if there is a single conviction from which he won't be separated, it is that "happy marital sexual intercourse suffused with tenderness" was the rule, not the exception, and that the pleasure of such unions was shared no less by women than by men.

One might be inclined to wonder whether this conclusion was ever seriously in question. The recent scholarly literature on nineteenth-century sexuality has been concerned not so much with what women actually experienced

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as with what they were officially thought to experience. This literature has been much impressed (overly so, according to Gay) by Dr. William Acton's *Functions and Disorders of the Reproductive Organs* (1857), an oft-cited text, which asserts without qualification that, if not depraved, women are sexually inert. Gay shows that Acton was in error, even about the women of his own century. But surely the more interesting question is why Acton or anybody else should have entertained such an improbable idea, and to that question, although it is intermittently addressed, Gay's book offers no clear answer. Moreover, Gay himself reveals the staying power of Acton's doctrine. It became, he says, "the prevalent though, as I have noted, by no means universal view of the matter," and it was "still very much alive" in the 1880s. As he grows impatient with its purveyors, he is inclined to argue with them, drawing attention to contradictions between their assertions and the evidence they adduce. But such contradictions simply make us more conscious of the idea's tendentiousness and thus more eager to have it explained.

On the other hand, in documenting that Mabel Loomis Todd and her sisters not only enjoyed sex but were fully aware of their enjoyment, he speaks directly to the issue of sexual ideology and offers an important corrective to received opinion. We are inclined to forget, moreover, just how impressionable the human sexual constitution can be. Sex, after all, differs from hunger in that its demands are not intractable. It is thus conceivable, if unlikely, that the William Actons of the era might have talked nineteenth-century women out of their urges. Gay, however, demonstrates conclusively that they didn't, and his demonstration is not so gratuitous as it might at first appear.

Aside from the Victorians' curious notions about female sexuality, probably no sexual topic has attracted more attention than their ferocious campaign against masturbation. Gay's treatment of this subject seems more in keeping with traditional views than is his discussion of women. He follows the rising tide of hysteria, from its origins in the anonymous tract *Onania, or the Heinous Sin of Self-Pollution* (1710) right down to the early years of the twentieth century, when sexual modernists like Havelock Ellis first broke with the notion that self-abuse led to every conceivable form of physical and psychic malady, even to premature death.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD, A HEROINE OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY SEX

Still, although he refers to the campaign against masturbation as a "craze," he manages to soften the derisive judgment that has informed nearly all previous studies of the phenomenon. Even in this most unpromising of instances, he is eager to rehabilitate the bourgeois century. For one thing, the more draconian therapies—whether clitoridectomies or urethral rings—were, he says, a good deal less common than simple proscriptions and threats. More importantly, he believes that the Victorians' fears about masturbation were not unrelated to their positive commitment to marital sexuality: "What made physicians, in company with their patients, so apprehensive about masturbation in the nineteenth century was that it seemed a pointless and prodigal waste of limited and valuable resources leading, figuratively and often literally, to impotence." He also implies (along with Freud) that the modern exculpation of masturbation is psychologically naive—and hence that the Victorian craze was perhaps less than entirely crazy. In effect, he refuses to patronize his subjects, insisting instead that they spoke and acted in good faith even if sometimes ignorantly. One might say that he brings a refreshing breath of historical sympathy to his topic, forgoing the cheap pleasure of sneering at our poor demented ancestors from the superior wisdom of the twentieth century. Indeed, not least among this book's virtues is its tone, which avoids any hint of the heavy-handed self-congratulation that disfigures so many studies of past sexual attitudes.

The most ingenious feature of Gay's portrait is his discussion of what he calls "carnal knowledge": the manner in which Victorians informed themselves about human sexuality. The object of his critique here is the widespread assumption that they were willfully ignorant about sexual parts and processes—so little able to tolerate even a metaphorical contemplation of human anatomy that they covered piano "legs" with frilled trousers. By way of correction he draws our attention to the many ways in which they demonstrably familiarized themselves with the body's organs and their workings.

Much of their knowledge, it seems, came from the unavoidable routines of daily life: from childbirth, nursing, the

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care of the young, the sick, and the dying. The diaries of William Gladstone, for example, reflect what Gay calls the "mammalian candor" of the age: Gladstone would rub his wife's breasts when she had difficulty lactating, and he recorded his ministrations frankly. "Husbands," writes Gay, felt "no embarrassment as they cared for their wives' physical needs or spoke of their wives' private parts." Moreover, he suggests that women, because of their domestic responsibilities, probably enjoyed even greater familiarity with bodily functions than did men. At the other end of the cultural spectrum, the high art of the age also contributed to the Victorians' erotic education. Painters and sculptors such as Antonio Canova, Jean Auguste Ingres, William Etty, and Hiram Powers (some of whose creations are reproduced in the book's illustrations) provided them with an uninterrupted supply of naked male and female bodies to contemplate, and, however idealized, these too were, in Gay's opinion, "a vehicle for carnal knowledge." He is quick to concede that carnal knowledge didn't necessarily lead to carnal happiness. Yet he is inclined to think that sexual puritans like the infamous Anthony Comstock were not entirely wrong when they denounced the nude in art as dangerously seductive.

Inevitably one must ask whether Gay's ambitious and vigorously argued book is likely to succeed in its object of changing our minds about the Victorians. It aims at nothing less than a major redrawing of the cultural map. Most readers will, like myself, come to the book with a general, if vague, picture of the nineteenth century as a time of heightened sexual repression, sandwiched between the libertine proclivities of the Enlightenment and the self-conscious permissiveness of our own era. They will have derived that impression not so much from the scholarly literature on the subject—from reading, say, Steven Marcus's *The Other Victorians*—as from the more accessible and familiar cultural artifacts of the age. I, for example, am apt to think of Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*, which makes such a long and beautiful fuss about the temptations of the flesh. But even if one recalls nineteenth-century documents, such as the novels of Emile Zola, that are more forthright in their treatment of sexuality, one can't escape feeling that their very brazenness pays tribute to the larger repressive reality. It is against impressions of this sort, accumulated over years of reading and listening, that Gay must do battle, and the habit of mind that equates Victorianism with sexual repression is, I suspect, too well ensconced to be routed.

Moreover, certain ambiguities in his argument have the effect of letting us off the hook. I have already mentioned that his target sometimes shifts rather too facilely from thought to behavior and back again. I was also bothered by the elastic frontiers, both chronological and geographical, of Gay's Victorian age. Americans, for example, provide more testimony than seems warranted in a balanced portrait of the period, and many of the witnesses lived rather too far into the twentieth century to count as plausible Victorians. A special difficulty is posed by Sigmund Freud, who has an uncomfortably anomalous role to play in the book. Sometimes he is just another Victorian, testifying right alongside William Gladstone or Mabel Todd. But more often he is extracted from the historical fabric and made into a timeless authority. I am not complaining about the explicitly Freudian analyses that Gay deploys throughout the book; they are skillfully done, largely plausible, and seldom interfere with the non-Freudian's ability to learn from the book's findings. But Freud is nonetheless the victim—or beneficiary—of a bothersome double standard.

Most tellingly, evidences of Victorian sexual repressiveness seem to be forever slipping through the cracks in Gay's defense. It is a credit to his honesty that he can quote an English physician, around 1905, answering a group of Oxford undergraduates about whether women enjoy sexual intercourse: "I can tell you that nine out of ten women are indifferent to or actively dislike it; the tenth, who enjoys it, will always be a harlot." But this kind of stuff eventually undermines our ability to sustain the counterimage of the Victorians that Gay hopes to urge upon us. In the end I found that my sense of them, although grown more complicated, had not fundamentally altered. When in the future I use the word "Victorian" as shorthand for "sexually repressive," I will do so with a certain sense of historical reserve—even a slight case of bad faith—but I doubt that I will give up the habit. Perhaps Gay will be satisfied to have disturbed our complacency, and that, I grant, his thoughtful and weighty volume certainly does.

PAUL ROBINSON

Paul Robinson, a contributing editor, teaches history at Stanford University and is the author of *The Modernization of Sex* (Harper & Row).

THE BIGGEST LITTLE MAGAZINE

A Partisan View: Five Decades of the Literary Life by William Phillips

(Stein & Day, 312 pp., $19.75)

Radical journals and love affairs have one thing in common: they are easier to start than to sustain. *Partisan Review* is the American exception. Originally founded in 1934 under the banner of the John Reed Club, *PR* broke with the Communists and reemerged in 1937 as an independent quarterly. For the past forty-seven years it has been among the three or four leading cultural-political journals in the country. *PR* was not only the first Marxist-oriented journal to embrace modernism; it was also, if I am not mistaken, the only independent radical journal to survive the Depression and World War II, events that caught many ideologues gasping as they awaited the "contradictions" of capitalism to follow the collapse of Wall Street. It was, in addition, one of the very few Marxist journals to tolerate liberalism, even to the extent of allowing John Dewey to criticize its patron saint, Leon Trotsky.

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The amazing longevity of *PR* is due in part to its founding co-editor, William Phillips, whose memoir adds to the rich autobiographical testaments of William Barrett, Irving Howe, and Alfred Kazin. Like several of the early *PR* writers, Phillips was born of Jewish parents who had emigrated from Eastern Europe. After high school in the Bronx, Phillips also went to City College where budding Trotskyists, Stalinists, and Lovestoneites formed rival cliques and staked out their turfs in the alcoves. As Phillips experienced the life of the mind he grew impatient with his parents' "abysmal provinciality," their indifference to learning, achievement, and status. But Phillips seems both amused and bewildered by the details of his parents' lives, which are sufficiently ample to satisfy a Freudian with a penchant for childhood determinants. His accounts of his mother's hypochondria and sexual frigidity and his father's toilet habits also suggest a touch of the Portnoy.

UNLIKE the New Left of the 1960s, which tended to approach radical politics from the disciplines of social science, the early *PR* radicals were steeped in art, literature, and philosophy even in the midst of the Depression; and they studied individual thinkers rather than social phenomena to get at the basis of consciousness. *PR* intellectuals did not have the luxury of shouting, as did some activists of the '60s, "No enemies on the Left" and "Power to the people." For in the 1930s the Moscow-directed C.P. was *PR*'s enemy, and in the 1950s McCarthyism forced some of its writers to take a hard look at mass culture and the populist sources of reaction. The primary aim of *PR* in the '30s was to reconcile Marxism to literary criticism, to see if conservative writers like Eliot, Mann, and Dostoevsky could be appropriated by the democratic left. In the '50s *PR* found that it had not only to reevaluate Marxism in light of Stalinism, it had also to face the problem of middle America: affluence, conformity, passivity; Tocqueville replaced Trotsky.

Sensitive to the charge that *PR* lost its radical nerve during the McCarthy era, Phillips devotes considerable effort to refuting Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time*. Hellman echoed an accusation that had been already circulating among some New Left historians: the anticommunism of the Old Left made McCarthyism possible and

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the Vietnam War inevitable. Phillips's counterarguments are well reasoned, as the recent controversy over the Rosenberg case suggests, however, they will probably not change anyone's mind. On the other side of the spectrum, Phillips takes on his old friends Hilton Kramer and Norman Podhoretz, who had accused *PR* of embracing the counterculture, welcoming the New Left, and betraying its anti-Communist stance. Phillips does not question the fears that have led neoconservatives to develop the thesis of "the present danger" with the Soviet Union; instead he questions how a capitalist nation composed of competing interest groups can rally behind a unified foreign policy. Phillips has put his finger on the most difficult problem that democracies face in the conduct of foreign affairs. Even Podhoretz, one recalls, complained that "commerce" governed policy when Reagan refused to impose a grain embargo on Russia.

Phillips's memoir is a feast of literary personalities. To mention the numerous writers who make their appearance would come close to composing a dictionary of American intellectual history from 1934 to 1984. There are extended discussions of the character and mind of Delmore Schwartz and of Lionel Trilling, and assessments of the writings of Norman Mailer and Susan Sontag. Tension builds throughout the memoir when Phillips occasionally mentions his co-editor, Philip Rahv. Then, in a concluding chapter titled "Coexistence," Phillips releases all his anger and frustration at Rahv for his "put-downs and snide remarks," "ruthlessness and disloyalty," and for the lawsuit Rahv instituted in the '60s to prevent Phillips from becoming the *PR*'s editor-in-chief; no doubt Rahv's sympathizers will see things differently. Phillips endured another round of pettiness when police broke into *PR*'s office at Rutgers University to prevent its files from being transferred to Boston University, where *PR* is now located. After the judge ruled for *PR*, Phillips remarked to his attorney that he must be used to such behavior in the world of corporate law. "No," the attorney replied. "Big business would think it unethical."

A Partisan View is an honest if breezy recollection, full of memorable anecdotes and conversations. But I finished it with the sober feeling that the eighteenth-century philosophers were right: the life of the mind has no bearing on the "moral sense," and the intellect can seldom govern the ego. They inhabit an unheavenly city, these "New York intellectuals."

JOHN PATRICK DIGGINS

John Patrick Diggins is professor of history at the University of California and author of *Up From Communism* (Harper & Row) and *The Bard of Savagery: Thorstein Veblen and Modern Social Theory* (Seabury).

UNDER THE VOLCANO

Inevitable Revolutions: The United States in Central America by Walter LaFeber

(Norton, 384 pp., $18.95)

The setting was ironic: the palatial home of the United States Deputy Chief of Mission, surrounded by armed guards, high in the hills above San Salvador, where the nation's elite lives. It was early in 1983, and José Napoleón Duarte, the courageous leader of El Salvador's Christian Democratic Party, described how he had traveled to the United States repeatedly between 1972 and 1977, fruitlessly trying to muster American support for his beleaguered democratic ranks. "I came to your country carrying a lighted bomb in my hands, begging you to cut the fuse," Duarte said of those visits, "but you did not. Now the bomb has exploded and you expect us to put the pieces back together again, neatly and easily. It is impossible."

Napoleón Duarte was once the most popular political leader in El Salvador. In 1972 Duarte, then mayor of San Salvador, and his left-reform political coalition, the National Opposition (UNO), stunned El Salvador's ruling oligarchy by amassing an overwhelming lead in that year's presidential elections. Instead of permitting an honest vote count to continue, Colonel Arturo Molina, the candidate supported by the Salvadoran military and large landowners, engaged in blatant and massive vote fraud and seized power.

Democratic forces took to the streets. Moderate army officers tried to seat Duarte. All were repulsed by the Salvadoran high command. Duarte himself was arrested, brutally beaten, and forced into exile (he narrowly escaped murder), where he remained for the next seven years. By all accounts, including those of U.S. Embassy officials in San Salvador today, the State Department "looked the other way," and the United States promptly recognized the Molina government.

THE FAILURE of electoral reform in El Salvador polarized the nation's politics. Repression fed revolution. Para-military right-wing death squads, allied with the Salvadoran high command, visited death upon Salvadorans suspected of opposition to the government. (See "Behind the Death Squads," by Christopher Dickey, THE NEW REPUBLIC, December 26, 1983.) The ranks of El Salvador's revolutionary guerrilla armies, which were a neglible force before 1972, swelled with new recruits. Caught in a tightening vise between extremes of right and left, the forces of the democratic center were steadily ground down.

It is not just an irony that today the coalition of revolutionary organizations and Marxist guerrilla armies in El Salvador—the F.D.R.-F.M.L.N.—is publicly led by Guillermo Ungo, who ran with Duarte in 1972, and would have served as vice president of his nation had the election been allowed to stand. It is the denouement of a North and Central American tragedy.

In his new book, *Inevitable Revolutions: The United States in Central America*, Walter LaFeber argues that this and other Central American tragedies are the inevitable result of U.S. policy in the region. Reading his comprehensive account of U.S. involvement in Central America, from the colonial era to the Reagan Presidency, one senses that Duarte's story is a metaphor for much

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of that history. For the past century and a half, the peoples of Central America and the people of the United States have looked at each other as if through the opposite ends of the same telescope.

To Central Americans, the United States has always loomed as a colossus to the North. As LaFeber recounts, after the five original Central American provinces—El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica (Panama was originally part of Columbia)—broke away from Spain in 1821, they looked to the United States as their "natural protector" against Mexico's imperial ambitions and those of designing European powers. In fact, in 1822 the Legislative Congress of El Salvador, fearful of a Mexican invasion, petitioned the United States Congress to join the Union. (Congress was not much interested, and Mexico invaded anyway.) In this century, North American financiers and companies have owned and operated the National Bank of Nicaragua, the National Railway and Public Utility of Guatemala, and 1 million acres of the best banana-producing land in Honduras. (As if to symbolically confirm the economic realities, Honduras declared the U.S. dollar its legal tender in 1918.)

FOR OUR PART, we in the United States have viewed the nations and peoples of Central America dimly at best. Ignorant of our common history, paternal toward the smaller, weaker Spanish-speaking societies to our south, we have been content through most of our history to treat Central America like a sleepy colonial outpost—a suitable place to invest our money or to send the Marines when the "natives" grew disorderly—while we directed attention and resources where our real interests seemed to lie: in Europe, and later in Japan and Vietnam.

No longer. Central America commands our attention today. The bomb that Napoleón Duarte tried to warn us about in the early 1970s has exploded, not only in El Salvador but in Nicaragua, too. Now the United States is scrambling to put the pieces back together again in those countries, while hoping that they do not fly apart in Costa Rica and Honduras, where the combination of debt-burdened economies, raids by U.S.-supported Nicaraguan rebels, and large infusions of U.S. military aid are heating up the political atmosphere. In recent weeks headlines have announced the recommendations of the National Bipartisan Commission on Central America, and the region is at the center of the 1984 Presidential debate.

TO READ *Inevitable Revolutions* is to be struck by how often current Central American realities resonate with those of the past. One discovers that the U.S. suffered its first diplomatic defeat in Central America in 1928 when a majority of nations at the Havana Conference resolved that "No state has the right to intervene in the internal affairs of another"—the issue at the top of the agenda of the Contadora nations today. And one encounters John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State under President Eisenhower, warning of the dangers of communism in 1953 and ordering up—shades of Ronald Reagan—"an imaginative program for Latin America, but one that does not cost money."

One wonders whether U.S. policy in Central America might have been more farsighted in recent years if our government's leaders had paid more attention to this history. Had U.S. policymakers known the full story of Augusto Sandino, the Nicaraguan nationalist hero, might they have acted differently in the late 1960s, when the Sandinista National Liberation Front was born? Might they have foreseen the dimensions of the revolutionary challenge we would confront one day if the United States failed to ally with democratic forces pressing Somoza to reform? Sandino's guerrilla armies successfully eluded the U.S. Marines occupying Nicaragua from 1927 to 1932. In 1933, after supervising an honest presidential election, a war-weary United States withdrew its troops, leaving behind a Nicaraguan National Guard organized and armed by the United States to maintain order. Sandino came down from the hills to support the new civilian government of Juan Sacasa, which he correctly feared was threatened by the growing power of the Guard. Soon after, Sandino was arrested and shot by National Guardsmen on orders of their commander. His name was Anastasio Somoza.

LaFeber's description of the failed hopes of the Alliance For Progress should also serve as a timely warning to those—including the Kissinger Commission—who advocate a massive new program of economic development in Central America. As LaFeber correctly points out, the Alliance succeeded more in fueling new investment and economic growth in Latin America than in achieving the hoped-for land and democratic reforms. By raising economic and political expectations in nations like El Salvador, without also opening up closed political systems and feudal patterns of land ownership, the Alliance helped intensify many of the political and economic pressures that spawned revolution a decade later. Growth without reform in Central America is a formula for revolution, an important reminder as we consider a bold new program for the 1980s.

Inevitable Revolutions is weakest where it could have been most instructive, in its analysis of the reasons why U.S. policy has often failed in Central America. LaFeber adheres to the "dependency theory" of Latin American history. He argues that the United States has used its vast economic and financial power to ensure that Central American economies remain dependent on one or two main export crops or on minerals that are shipped to the industrial nations "at

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prices the major powers are able to control either through foreign investment or local elites." "Revolution," he argues, "appears to be the only instrument that can break the hammerlock held by the local oligarchy and foreign capitalists." Where U.S. economic power has not proved sufficient to stop these "inevitable" revolutionary trends, LaFeber argues, "the United States has intervened frequently with troops or covert action to ensure that ties of dependency remain."

Americans need to be reminded that our foreign policy is sometimes influenced as much by our economic interests as by more lofty national ideals. And we need to mitigate the impact of the U.S. economy on the fragile, commodity-based economies on which Central American prosperity depends. Every rise of one percentage point in U.S. interest rates costs Mexico $800 million a year in additional debt service, Brazil $640 million, and Argentina $285 million, a fact the current Administration does not seem to have included in its calculus of stability in Latin America.

But where LaFeber could have contributed to our understanding by carefully examining the intricacies of the U.S.-Central America economic relations, he instead rests his case on hyperbole. In the opening sentence of his book, for instance, he asserts that "No area in the world is more tightly integrated into the United States' political-economic system, and none more vital for North American security, than Central America." One wonders. There is no doubt that the United States has a deep and abiding strategic interest in Central America. But is the United States economy really more importantly entwined with Central America than with Europe and Japan? Is CONDECA, the Central American Defense Council, really a more important military alliance than NATO to the security of the United States?

In a sense, LaFeber's book mirrors the myths of the region. The United States looms large throughout. Virtually everything it does or fails to do is designed to thwart the forces of revolution in Central America. Indeed, in parts, *Inevitable Revolutions* reads more like a morality play than a history. LaFeber slights many of the local realities and political dynamics within the Central American societies he describes, often reducing these nations and their peoples to little more than pawns at the mercy of American policymakers. One would hardly suspect from reading this book that there are democratic political parties, free trade unions, campesino organizations, and progressive parts of the private sector struggling for a middle way between oligarchs and revolutionary leftists in Central America today.

LAFEBER ASSERTS flatly that for more than a century "North Americans have been staunchly anti-revolutionary." But as his own narrative demonstrates, the United States vigorously supported the successful revolution in Costa Rica led by José Figueres Ferrer in 1948. Indeed, LaFeber acknowledges that by mobilizing its own forces and blocking military aid from the Somoza regime to the corrupt reactionary government of Teodora Picado, the United States "determined the outcome of the revolution in April 1948." Costa Rica was the first Central American nation to open diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and to negotiate a major trade agreement with the Russians. Yet LaFeber's own narrative shows the United States channeling aid to Costa Rica through the I.M.F. soon after, not financing covert counterrevolutionaries. Indeed, though LaFeber does not mention it, the C.I.A. funded a school in Costa Rica shortly after the revolution, designed to transport its democratic revolutionary ideas to other Central American countries.

Why, during the same period in our history, did the United States ally with forces of progressive change in Costa Rica and the forces of reaction in Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala? How did Costa Rica, which LaFeber describes as the most "democratic, equitable, and literate Central American nation," escape the fate of its neighbors in the region, which have succumbed to military dictatorships of both the left and right? LaFeber notes that Costa Rica wisely replaced its standing army with a small police force after the 1948 revolution. But he fails to pursue the point, just as he neglects to investigate the larger questions raised by the contradictions to his basic thesis.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Politics in the Ancient World by M. I. Finley (Cambridge University Press). This skillful study examines the nature of political participation in the polis. (Reviewed 12/12/83)

Vladimir Tatlin and the Russian Avant-Garde by John Milner (Yale University Press). A pioneering study of the Russian constructivist's diverse work in its revolutionary context. (11/7/83)

Israel in the Mind of America by Peter Grose (Knopf). An important and thorough survey of American perceptions of Jews, at home and abroad, from colonial times to the present. (12/31/83)

Finest Hour: Winston Churchill 1939-1941 by Martin Gilbert (Houghton Mifflin). A rare and vast biographical undertaking, this volume vividly treats the leader's most dramatic years. (12/5/83)

Louis Armstrong: American Genius by James Lincoln Collier (Oxford University Press). A full and perceptive portrait, which includes learned discussions of his music. (1/30/84)

Midsummer by Derek Walcott (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A masterful fifty-four-poem sequence, which establishes the poet's place at the center of current English poetry. (1/23/84)

The Life and Times of Michael K. by J. M. Coetzee (Viking). An eloquent story of an outcast in South Africa. (12/19/83)

The Aeneid by Virgil, translated by Robert Fitzgerald (Random House). A new and authoritative translation of the Roman epic. (11/28/83)

Time After Time by Molly Keane (Knopf). A darkly comic story of revenge among the Irish gentry. (1/30/84)

Stones for Ibarra by Harriet Doerr (Viking). A strikingly crafted first novel that tells fateful tales of life and death in a remote Mexican village. (1/30/84)

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His treatment of the Carter period is illustrative. The Carter Administration sought to forge a new middle way in Central America, between the extremes of right and left, allying the United States with the democratic center and human rights. An objective treatment of both its failures and its successes could have been illuminating. But LaFeber is interested more in proving his basic thesis than in offering a balanced analysis. In his discussion of El Salvador, LaFeber asserts that after the collapse of the left-reform juntas put in power by the October 1979 coup, "The State Department quickly moved to consolidate its ties with the military. U.S. diplomat James Cheek promised thirty-six military advisers so the Salvadorans could wage what Cheek liked to call a 'clean counterinsurgency.' " He fails to explain that the Carter Administration, at the strong urging of Ambassador Robert White, vetoed Cheek's recommendation; no military advisers were sent. In fact, though LaFeber implies otherwise, the Carter Administration stopped all new military aid to El Salvador after the murder of four American nuns there in December 1979, except for $5.7 million in nonlethal aid (mostly trucks, not a single bullet) already in the pipeline. It did not recommence new aid until three days before the Reagan Administration took over. The point is not merely technical. The Carter Administration's cutoff of military aid because of right-wing murders and its strong support for land reform strengthened democratic forces in El Salvador at the expense of both the extreme left and right.

WHERE the United States government is guilty of sins of commission, rarely of omission, in LaFeber's history, the Marxist revolutionary left more often than not receives the benefit of doubt. He explains, for instance, that the revolutionary Sandinista regime reneged on its commitment to hold free elections because the Sandinistas "were splitting into factions; any election campaign could turn into a struggle that would fragment and even destroy the revolution." Elsewhere, LaFeber explains that in Nicaragua "political pluralism had to be limited. National efforts could not be spent on political struggles. North Americans viewed such one party states with alarm." Arturo José Cruz, a member of the revolutionary junta in Nicaragua from April 1980 until March 1981, when he broke with the Sandinista junta over its growing totalitarian controls, could have been speaking to the author of this book when he recently wrote in *Foreign Affairs* that

> those who have the fortune to live in democratic countries, but prescribe socialism without freedom for developing nations, might unintentionally be adopting postures as patronizing as those who are nostalgic for paternalistic exploitation. The greatest disservice to Nicaragua's revolution has been the "blank-check" solidarity given to its leaders through thick and thin—regardless of their faults—by some governments abroad. Unconditional support, whether for reasons of idealism or partisanship risks taking my country on a round trip; from the past to the past . . .

IN THE END, *Inevitable Revolutions* fails to offer a better guide for the future for the United States in Central America because it poses the wrong policy choice for the United States today. According to LaFeber,

> The only choice was whether North Americans would work with those revolutionaries to achieve a more orderly and equitable society, or whether—as occurred in Guatemala and Nicaragua—Washington officials would try to cap the upheavals until the pressure built again to blow the societies apart with even greater force.

Instead, the hard question facing the United States in Central America is how to support democratic liberties and a just economic order in nations where the extreme right is represented by a dictatorial, military-oligarchic alliance and the armed left is dominated by cynical Leninist groups.

Inevitable Revolutions sheds little direct light on this problem. LaFeber claims that "the United States did not support the Somozas of Latin America out of ennui or misperception, but out of a clear understanding that given Washington's needs and reliance on military means, the dictators were its best bet to maintain the system." What LaFeber does not seem to understand is that foreign policy bureaucracies are always heavily biased toward working with and through "established governments." As Henry Kissinger points out in his memoirs, those who advocate new, possibly risky, breaks with existing policy are always at a disadvantage in internal debate, compared with those who advocate doing just a little, or nothing at all. The inability to shape a long-term strategic vision of our foreign policy plagues the United States not only in Central America, but in other parts of the world as well. A former Ambassador to Nicaragua told me that the Philippines today, with its combination of a corrupt, increasingly repressive dictatorship, a disaffected private sector, an increasingly militant opposition Church, and growing bands of Marxist guerrillas in the countryside, reminds him eerily of Somoza's Nicaragua in the middle 1970s.

Yet even if we learn from our past mistakes in Central America, we cannot easily apply our new wisdom to the transformed realities we confront in the region today. Too many democratic but left-leaning political leaders—such as Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán, the elected President of Guatemala overthrown in 1954 by a C.I.A.-engineered coup—were judged suspect in the past, only to be seen in retrospect, after decades of terror, revolution, and instability, as perhaps the last, best hope for sustaining democracy. And too many leaders of the democratic center, like Napoleón Duarte, were ignored when our help could have been decisive, only to be resurrected years later as the key to salvaging American interests. Nevertheless, there are powerful lessons to be learned from America's history in Central America—lessons lost, it seems, on the Reagan Administration.

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proclaiming that terrorism would replace human rights as the primary concern of American foreign policy. But clearly the fundamental lesson of our history in Central America is that unless we defend human rights successfully we will reap terror and revolution in its place. The argument advanced by the Reagan Administration that too vigorous support for human rights "destabilizes" friendly regimes, such as Somoza's Nicaragua, and plays into the hands of the Marxist revolutionaries will always be proven true if we wait until it's too late to act. What ultimately "destabilizes" dictatorships like the Somoza regime is that they lack any legitimacy with their own citizens. And what will give the people of Central America the will to defend their governments against Communist subversion is the belief that they have some real stake in its survival. The Salvadoran Army is outfought by the guerrillas regularly—not because it lacks adequate firepower but because its conscript army of impoverished campesinos have little desire to risk their lives defending oligarchs, death squads, and a corrupt Salvadoran high command.

It is by tying military aid directly to specific improvements in land reform and human rights in nations like El Salvador, as the Kissinger Commission agrees, that we give our allies in the democratic center, and moderate army officers, what they need most: a club to wage their battles to distribute land, stop the death squads, and build democracy. The President's veto of the human rights provisions governing aid to El Salvador took this weapon out of the hands of our real friends.

The history of Central America also teaches that the fundamental threat to democracy in the region is militarism, on both the right and left. In seeking to confront totalitarian forces, we must take care that we do not at the same time strengthen the forces of reaction. The Reagan Administration is massively rearming the Honduran Army, turning General Gustavo Alvarez Martínez into the de facto ruler there at the expense of the newly elected civilian president, Roberto Suazo Córdova. We cannot ignore the threat posed to Honduras and other Central American nations by the Cuban-assisted military buildup of the Sandinista Army; nor should we leave our friends defenseless. But we hardly serve the interests of the United States if we foolishly trade incipient democracy in Honduras for a new military dictatorship there.

We must recognize, as well, that nationalism remains the most powerful force in Central America. We cannot demand that its people adopt wholesale our economic or political models or follow lockstep U.S. foreign policy. We should never rationalize, or accept, totalitarianism in the name of self-determination. But we must nonetheless respect different national choices and diversity, and we must pursue, wherever possible, regional over unilateral solutions to the region's problems.

The most damning indictment of the United States in Central America is that we have allowed the sterile voices of Marxist-Leninism to claim falsely the mantle of economic justice and hope for ordinary people when it should be carried by the heirs of Thomas Jefferson. The average campesino in El Salvador earns $680 a year. Life expectancy in Honduras is 49 years, and half the children die before they reach age five. The Marxist left would trade the freedom of Central Americans for health clinics in the countryside and literacy campaigns. But we must not make the opposite mistake. No nation can match ours in the technical, human, and material resources we can offer to democratic forces in Central America. Napoleón Duarte voiced this lesson best. He said:

> If the people of my country only believed that tomorrow would be better than today, that their children would live a better life than they did, then the communists could bring all the guns they wanted into El Salvador and there would be nobody to pick them up.

BERNARD ARONSON

Bernard Aronson, formerly director of policy at the Democratic National Committee, is now director of The Policy Project, a private consulting firm in Washington.

SAY IT AGAIN, SAM

The Oxford Book of Aphorisms chosen by John Gross

(Oxford University Press, 383 pp., $15.95)

Aphorisms are the proverbs of the refined. They collect far-ranging intuitions into a moment of discernment, and succeed by appearing free of every low motive. At the same time, unlike proverbs, they start from a person in a situation: we cannot read them without being aware of the author who took pains to be wise. In a brief introduction to this anthology, John Gross argues for a further distinction, between aphorisms and maxims. "An *Oxford Book of Maxims* would not, I think, sound particularly inviting"; and he adds that too often maxims have a Polonius-like complacency. One may agree and still doubt that the special feature of the aphorism is a tendency "to be distinctly subversive." Many of the selections here exhibit the calm, worldly, pragmatic temper of Churton Collins's "Never claim as a right what you can ask as a favour"—a saying at least mildly Polonius-like (since it is impossible to imagine what it subverts), which most readers nevertheless will be happy to admit as an aphorism.

This is a fine and unexpected anthology, and the presence of a name like Collins reminds us how far any such volume is a record of personal reading. The *Viking Book of Aphorisms*, compiled two decades ago by W. H. Auden and Louis Kronenberger, was notable for large samples of Kierkegaard, Cioran, and Chazal; its favorite trope was irony, its favorite mood an immaculate and thoroughly professional self-knowledge. Gross has a taste for writers less pithy than these and more sententious, provided he likes what they are saying. La Rochefoucauld, Montaigne, Lichtenberg, Nietzsche remain the leading performers. But others, a little long-winded for this company—Orwell, Proust, Lionel Trilling, and Les-

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lie Farber among them—are given serious supporting roles. Of the great names, the most disappointing beyond all doubt is Jung, who seems to have been constitutionally unable to say anything memorably. But the most dispensable item in the book is a statement by E. H. Gombrich: "All culture and all communication depend on the interplay between expectation and observation, the waves of fulfillment, disappointment, right guesses and wrong moves that make up our daily life." As available wisdom or academic commonplace, the words could hardly be more unexceptionable, and for just that reason they are hopeless as aphorism. The lecturer has cleared his throat in exactly twice the time it took Emerson and Lichtenberg together to say, "All the thoughts of a turtle are turtle," and "God, Who winds our sundials."

EVEN INTELLIGENT writers cannot as a rule compete in this class because they have not made every word count. The single weakness of Gross's book, not for the common reader but for the aphorism-adept, is that it admires intelligence almost uncritically: when confronted with a good thought, the editor has not always asked whether its expression was distinctive. On the other hand, he has had the imagination to print the quips of some very pompous minds, in which their style picks up the speed and apparent anonymity of coffee-house repartee: "No man is a hero to his valet. But that is not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is a valet'—somehow this got itself said by Hegel. A little further down, in the category of discoveries, comes a one-liner from a source called simply "Beachcomber": "Justice must not only be done, it must be seen to be believed." Or again, from Stanislaw Lec's *Unkempt Thoughts*: "When smashing monuments, save the pedestals—they always come in handy." There is also of course a generous sample from Wilde, and some skillful imitators of his manner, the best of whom is Mrs. Shamefoot in Ronald Firbank's *Vainglory*: "The world is disgracefully managed, one hardly knows to whom to complain." With so many other aphorists telling us they accept life as a catastrophe it is good to hear from one who despises it as a discomfort

When Blake writes, "The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship," he gives us an aphorism constructed wholly from metaphor. This can seem the most rigorous mode of workmanship, and a close appreciation of it can put an end to one's tolerance for anything else. Still, a figure like Blake's, if we come to credit it, is a little allegory we have to live with for several hours or several days. Success of this kind is more than we want to grant any author, except at long intervals. So it is a relief to turn from Blake to the French cynics, on the same subject of friendship. Chamfort writes: "We have three kinds of friends, those who love us, those who are indifferent to us, and those who hate us." With the help of a few stage props, La Bruyère goes him one better: " 'There is a report that Piso is dead: it is a great loss; he was an honest man, who deserved to live longer; he was intelligent and agreeable, resolute and courageous, to be depended upon, generous and faithful.' Add: 'provided he really is dead.' " Blake's words were uttered in disappointment, from a high opinion of man; these, in satisfaction, from a low one; the pessimism of the latter view is consoling, we enjoy it in large doses and think better of ourselves for enjoying it.

Are there sayings so French as to be false? The selections here from Montherlant give plenty of reason for thinking so, as do the following sentences by Valéry: "God made everything out of nothing. But the nothingness shows through." Conversely, there appear to be sayings so false as to be French. "Why long for glory," asks Rostand, "which one despises as soon as one has it? But that is precisely what the ambitious man wants: having it in order to be able to despise it." A writer assured of his own sincerity would not have needed to reassure the reader by using the word "precisely." Besides, with so unrestricted a license for inverting the usual order of motives, human nature becomes sport for the dullest wits. By contrast, Nietzsche is remarkable for his fairness, in spite of the hunter's instinct: " 'I have done that,' says my memory. 'I cannot have done that'—says my pride, and remains adamant. At last—memory yields." One believes every word because one knows every word has cost the author something.

Gross has classified the contents of this anthology into more than fifty headings, such as "Self-Love," "Action & Achievement," "Criticism, Judgment, Taste," and "The Afterlife." The arrangement, pleasantly arbitrary in itself, helps a reader to locate in the table of contents, rather than track through dozens of index entries, such unspecifiable items as Montaigne on the reach of anger: "How often being moved under a false cause, if the person offending makes a good defence and presents us with a just excuse, are we angry at truth and innocence itself." As for Gross's own temperament, to judge by his choices, it is earnest, revolted by sham and vulgarity, but still mostly conciliatory whether regarding man in general or men in particular. His real triumphs of selection come therefore not with the makers of cruel epigrams but with those who aim to give their readers equipment for living. The following passage from Chesterton's book on Browning has the sort of surprise that recurs often in these pages.

> Very few people in this world would care to listen to the real defence of their own characters. The real defence, the defence which belongs to the Day of Judgment, would make such damaging admissions,

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would clear away so many artificial virtues, would tell such tragedies of weakness and failure, that a man would sooner be misunderstood and censured by the world than exposed to that awful and merciless eulogy.

After reading this one wants to think silently for a minute, open *Two on a Tower*, do anything but read ahead to the next aphorism.

But half the fun of the book is in its juxtapositions, and it seems right to conclude with one. Under "Nature" Bertrand Russell may be heard talking about water and thinking about the soul, and he is followed by three lines of verse by D. H. Lawrence. Russell: "A drop of water is not immortal; it can be resolved into oxygen and hydrogen. If, therefore, a drop of water were to maintain that it had a quality of aqueousness which would survive its own dissolution, we should be inclined to be sceptical." Lawrence: "Water is H_2O, hydrogen two parts, oxygen one, / but there is a third thing, that makes it water, / and nobody knows what that is." It helps the comparison to recall that Russell once spent a wakeful night on the verge of suicide, after Lawrence told him that his intellect was sterile and his life's work a nullity. In life, however, there is exactly one way of having the last word. In aphorism there are many, and in this exchange neither writer could have wished to alter a syllable.

DAVID BROMWICH

David Bromwich is the author of *Hazlitt: The Mind of a Critic* (Oxford University Press).

THE RICHEST MAN IN ENGLAND

Bendor: The Golden Duke of Westminster by Leslie Field

(Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 252 pp., £12.95)

Is it a sign of Thatcherian times? A book on Bendor Westminster, the wealthiest Englishman of this century, has crept toward the top of the nonfiction best-seller list in England. It is outranked only by the *Chambers Cyclopedia* and the Ordnance Survey Map of Great Britain.

Few Londoners and even fewer of its visitors can escape the impact of ducal Westminster. Their patch, the Grosvenor Estate, encompasses most of Mayfair, much of Belgravia, some of Pimlico, and not a little of Westminster. The formidable Estate Office has acted as landlord cum zoning and planning authority for several centuries. It has therefore had a considerable influence on the architecture and the ensuing ambience of affluent London's streets and buildings.

The Grosvenors themselves have time-honored attributes. The lineage is Norman. "Gros Veneur" has been variously translated as "Grand Master of the King's Hounds" or as "fat huntsman." More vivid, if anachronistic, would be "big shot." A crucial marriage into great urban wealth took place a little later, in 1667. The lady's maiden name is immortalized in Davies Street, lying in the still very fashionable area between the Connaught Hotel and Claridges. In Victoria's day, Gladstone elevated them to a dukedom, for no specific reason other than an urge to honor great wealth.

Leslie Field's biography of the second Duke, Bendor, itself falls within certain classical molds. First, it is in the tradition of works by those Americans in residence who, gifted with a good eye and pen, and aided by the acuity bred of cultural dissonance, have produced insightful interpretations of the English. The book is also in the style of entertaining (as well as edifying) biographies of high society. Ms. Field was editor of *The Tatler*, in whose first number, in 1709, Richard Steele promised to include "accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure and Entertainment." Steele later held more solid virtues up to admiration, in the person of Lady Elizabeth Hastings. Of her he said "to love her is a liberal education." Leslie Field, for her part, makes the disarming confession of being a little in love with her Duke, whom she never met and who died in 1953 when she was nine.

Outwardly, Bendor Westminster was a member in good standing of the very idle very rich. As the quintessential debonair Lord, he may well be best remembered by Noel Coward's reference to his ubiquitous two yachts in *Private Lives*. A languid Amanda stares out at the sea and asks "Whose yacht is that?" "The Duke of Westminster's," comes the reply. "It always is." Yet at times in his life he was a hero, a close friend of the truly great, and a small-part actor in the history of warfare.

And sporadically he was a villain. Leslie Field dispatches the villainy by telling it straight and then pleading for judgment in context. During World War I, Bendor commanded a fleet of armored cars on the fringe of the Sahara, in pursuit of Libyan tribesmen who had captured British sailors off a sunken ship. It was a truly perilous undertaking, and Bendor's courage was of a kind he had already displayed in the Boer War. When the Libyans were overtaken and their captives released, Bendor summarily ordered the execution of the former, unwilling either to drag them back, for lack of water or transport, or to let them loose.

Another best-forgotten side was reflected in Bendor's persecution of his polymorphously perverse brother-in-law, the seventh Earl Beauchamp. Although his homosexuality was notorious, he had fathered seven children with Bendor's sister Lettice. Her degree of unawareness extended to ignorance that such a vice really existed. But Bendor took it upon himself to unmask his "dear Bugger-in-law," as he once called him, at a time when the law on the statute books was still unequivocal, no matter how nugatory as a result of tolerance for consenting adults. Bendor even went to see King George V about it and in the end Beauchamp, although not prosecuted, was hounded out of the country for several years.

Bendor's friendship with Winston Churchill began in South Africa during the Boer War. As a volunteer at the beginning of World War I, Bendor had armed and steel-plated six Rolls Royces at his own expense to demonstrate a viable new form of war-horse. In 1915, as a result of a dinner to which he invited Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, an official team was assembled to design a "land ship." For security, they were called "water carriers for Russia." But since this risked being abbreviated into W.C.'s, it was decided to call them "tanks."

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During the late 1930s, Bendor developed the sort of infatuation for German fascism which naively equated dangerous bombast with energetic statesmanship. Like his anti-Semitism, it was unthinking and maybe not deep-rooted. Bendor had a dog in the country whom he called Jew. Still, the Rothschilds and the Sassoons were his frequent and welcome guests, and during their visits the dog's name was Joe. When Churchill at last harangued Bendor about the folly of his pro-Nazi sympathies, he immediately abandoned his views.

Bendor's love life included four wives, and Leslie Field's chronicle is at its most entertaining in the treatment of his long-lasting affair with Coco Chanel, an intriguing chapter in social history. A twentieth-century woman, professional and hardworking, self-made and rich, Chanel in the end rejected Bendor's high-stakes bidding. He never used postal services and at one passionate point he had one footman crossing the Channel with a letter for Chanel, a second already in Paris waiting for the reply to a previous letter, while a third was in London, about to depart with yet another message. He not only showered her with predictable torrents of rare flowers but surprised her with baskets of vegetables under which he occasionally tucked an heirloom. On one crowning occasion, the delivery man was the faintly disguised Prince of Wales. Full of such feats, as well as foibles, this life is one that would entertain readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

GILBERT DE BOTTON

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Reconsideration: G. K. Chesterton.

A DETECTIVE AND HIS GOD

BY SAMUEL HYNES

THE ONTOGENY of literary reputations should be enough to convince anyone who needs convincing that the universe is run by an ironist. Here is Chesterton as an example: a serious, intelligent, witty man who wrote a hundred books, some of them very good ones: a novelist, poet, biographer, historian, literary critic, satirist, polemicist, Christian apologist. Yet he seems fated to be known to posterity as the inventor of crime literature's first intentionally dull detective, and the author of some fifty slapdash stories about him.

It is partly Chesterton's own fault, of course; he was always something of a card, and it must have seemed a good joke at first to invent a detective, in the heyday of Sherlock Holmes, who would be a kind of anti-Holmes, at once a parody and a refutation of the Genius of Baker Street. Holmes was the apotheosis of late-Victorian materialism: a brilliant, confident, scientific know-it-all, continuously sought after by persons with problems (including the Metropolitan Police), and always able to provide them with rational solutions. Chesterton's man would be unscientific, unbrilliant, and unnoticeable: he would be short and ordinary looking, with a face like a Norfolk dumpling—not the sort that people seek out, but the sort who just happens to be there. He would have no extraordinary skills, and no romantic vices: he would not play the violin or be able to identify a hundred and forty different varieties of tobacco ash, he would not take cocaine, and he would not suffer from melancholy or boredom. He would not rely on ratiocination, but simply on seeing people as they really are. And, most negligible of all, he would be a parish priest, and a Roman Catholic one at that.

You can see the joke developing as Chesterton wrote on. After a couple of crimes he provided his anti-Holmes with an anti-Watson. Conan Doyle had created the slow and obvious-minded doctor to be a foil against which Holmes's reasoning would shine brighter; but for Father Brown's companion Chesterton invented Flambeau, a clever ex-thief who makes Father Brown seem even duller. As the stories continue, Chesterton even begins to parody the style and the method of Holmes's solutions, as for example in "The Honour of Israel Gow," where Father Brown tosses off one "rational" explanation after another, only to conclude: "We have found the truth, and the truth makes no sense." So much for Holmes.

It all seems a literary joke that would have amused Chesterton for a while, but would soon have worn out. And I think the joke did; but by then it was more than a joke, for though Chesterton couldn't help being witty, he also couldn't help being serious, and he had begun to see and to develop the implications of having a priest for a detective. Since the detective in a crime story represents the law, a priest-detective will necessarily express the priest's law—that is to say, God's law. And the criminals will be God's enemies as well as man's; they will be murderers and blackmailers and thieves, but they will also be atheists, or idolators, or simply damned souls.

But the most fundamental difference between the world of these stories and the world that Holmes and Watson inhabit is in the nature of the threat against which the detective struggles. In the Holmes stories, the threat is exemplified in Professor Moriarty, a man with Holmes's kind of scientific brain, who uses it against society; hell, for Holmes, would be a world in which reason, society, and the law were not all on the same side. But for Father Brown, hell would be a world without God's law, and therefore without meaning. "What we all dread most," he says in "The Head of Caesar," "is a maze with *no* center. That is why atheism is only a nightmare." You find this nightmare of meaninglessness all through Chesterton's works, and it is at the center of the Father Brown stories,

Samuel Hynes, professor of English at Princeton University, is the author most recently of *The Auden Generation* (Viking).

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Going To Lvov

Going to Lvov. Which station
for Lvov, except in a dream, at dawn, when dew
gleams on a suitcase, when express
trains and bullet trains are being born. To leave
in a hurry for Lvov, night or day, in September
or in March. But only if Lvov exists,
if it is mentioned between the dustjackets
of borders and not just
in my passport, if lances of trees
—of poplar and ash—still breathe aloud
like Indians, and streams mumble
their dark esperanto, and grass snakes like soft signs
in the Russian language disappear
into thickets. To pack and set off, to leave
without a trace, at noon, and to vanish
like fainting maidens. And burdocks, green
armies of burdocks, and below, under the canvas
of a Venetian café, the snails converse
about eternity. But the cathedral rises,
you remember, so straight, as straight
as Sunday and white napkins and a bucket
full of raspberries standing on the floor, and
my desire which wasn't born yet,
only gardens and weeds and the amber
of blonde cherries, and indecent Fredro.
There was always too much of Lvov, no one could
comprehend its quarters, hear
the murmur of each stone scorched
by the sun, the Uniate church silent at night
unlike the cathedral, the Jesuits
baptized plants, leaf by leaf, but they grew,
grew so mindlessly, and joy hovered
everywhere, in hallways and in coffee mills
revolving by themselves, in blue
teapots and in starch which was the first
formalist, in drops of rain and the thorns
of roses. Frozen forsythia yellowed by the window.
The bells pealed and the air vibrated, cornets
of nuns sailed like schooners near
the theater, there was so much of the world that
it had to do encores over and over,
the audience was in a frenzy and didn't want
to leave the house. My aunts couldn't have known
yet that I'd resurrect them
and lived so trustfully, so singly;
servants, clean and ironed, ran for
fresh cream, inside the houses
a bit of anger and great expectation. Brzozowski
came as a visiting lecturer, one of my
uncles kept writing a poem entitled *Why*,
dedicated to the Almighty, and there was too much
of Lvov, it brimmed the container,
it burst glasses, overflowed
each pond, lake, smoked through every
chimney, turned into fire, storm,
laughed with lightning, grew meek,
returned home, read the New Testament,
slept on a sofa under the Carpathian rug,
there was too much of Lvov, and now
there isn't any, it grew relentlessly
and the scissors cut it, chilly gardeners
as always in May, without mercy,
without love, ah, wait till warm June
comes with soft ferns, boundless
fields of summer, i.e., the reality.
But scissors cut it, along the line and through
the fiber, tailors, gardeners, censors
cut the body and the wreaths, secateurs worked
diligently, as in a child's cut-out
along the dotted line of a roe-deer or a swan.
Scissors, pen-knives and razor blades scratched,
cut, and shortened the voluptuous dresses
of prelates, of squares and houses, and trees
fell soundlessly, as in a jungle
and the cathedral trembled, people bade good-bye
without handkerchiefs, no tears, such a dry
mouth, I won't see you anymore, so much death
awaits you, why must every city
become Jerusalem and every man a Jew
and now in a hurry just
pack, always, each day,
and go breathless, go to Lvov, after all
it exists, quiet and pure as
a peach, it is everywhere.

Adam Zagajewski

(translated from the Polish by Renata Gorczynski)

NOTES: Aleksander Fredro (1793-1876): playwright and politician from Lvov, famous for comedies about upper-class manners and for wildly funny obscene poems, not officially published to date.

Stanislaw Brzozowski (1878-1911): philosopher, critic. Socialist theoretician. Visited Lvov in 1906, where National Democrats denounced him as an *agent provocateur* for the Czarist secret police, a charge he violently denied. The "Brzozowski Case," still unresolved, has been widely disputed among Polish intellectuals.

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recently reissued in *The Father Brown Omnibus* (Dodd, Mead) as well as *The Penguin Complete Father Brown*. The crimes there often seem to be peculiarly lunatic—a body with the wrong head, a castle full of snuff and watchworks; and the incidents seem spookily supernatural—an invisible man walks in the snow, a book causes persons to disappear. Father Brown's role is not to solve crimes, exactly; it is, rather, to dispel the nightmare—to find the center of the maze, and thus to demonstrate that it *has* a center, that the world has moral meaning.

ONCE BROWN has done that, he is indifferent to whether the criminal is punished by human law or not: in "The Queer Feet" he hears Flambeau's confession (Flambeau is at this point still a thief) and lets him go; and at the end of "The Invisible Man" he is left walking the snow-covered hills of Hampstead with a murderer, "and what they said to each other will never be known"—because it is another confession, of course. But what about justice, what about hanging? Such punitive details are for other minds: "I'm sorry," Father Brown says at the end of one investigation, "I can't stop for the inquiry."

Chesterton wrote these stories at two periods in his life, the first half just before World War I, the rest in 1926-35. By the time the second lot were written, Chesterton had become a Roman Catholic, and you might expect that this would have altered the way in which he rendered his detective-priest. It didn't, except in one respect: in the prologue and epilogue to *The Secret of Father Brown*, written just after Chesterton's conversion, Brown is given a chance to explain his method of detection. The gist of it, he says, is that he identifies with the criminal: "I mean that I thought and thought about how a man might come to be like that, until I realized that I really *was* like that, in everything except actual final consent to the action." It is, he adds, "a sort of religious exercise."

A crime story in which the detective becomes the criminal is completely outside the usual range of the genre. In the conventional story, the criminal is excluded from the human community (that is, the detective plus us, the readers—all of us innocent) by the fact of his crime; but Father Brown restores him to that community, or implicates the community in his crime, "in everything except actual final consent." We the readers, then, must also identify with the criminal, and acknowledge ourselves capable of such a sin; and by this "religious exercise" we are, presumably, spiritually changed.

Now something like this may be what happens when we read the greatest of crime fictions, *Crime and Punishment*: but is it the way we read Chesterton? Surely not, you might say; Chesterton isn't Dostoevsky. And you could go on to detailed criticism: how his characters are either the stock figures of melodrama or loony versions of his pet antipathies—Spiritualists, Puritans, atheists, Evangelists, optimists, Prohibitionists; how the crimes they commit are often quite incredible; how the plots are improbable, and clumsily undramatic. Not one story, you would conclude, is a really distinguished example of its genre.

And yet, taken collectively, they have an odd and powerful effect: they compose a world, and a world view. Not exactly a theology—you couldn't infer a religion from the words and behavior of Father Brown—but a religious way of looking at the world. I can't imagine that anyone reads these stories just for the sake of that vision, at least not consciously; but it is nevertheless the quality in the stories that makes them more than run of the mill.

The foreword to the new Dodd, Mead edition of the stories describes Father Brown as "the best-loved detective in all literature." I don't think that is true: Father Brown is introduced as a Norfolk dumpling and he remains one; and who can love a dumpling? No, to get it right the author of that foreword should have written: "Chesterton's is the best-loved authorial voice in all crime literature." For it is Chesterton's presence that one feels, reading the stories—that fat, opinionated man, half thinker and half buffoon, a man full of convictions, who put all of them into everything he wrote. He wasn't a great writer, and certainly he wrote no great book. He valued his opinions more than his works, he said, but he wasn't a profound thinker, or even a particularly clear one. What he was was simply himself, the voice of the books: a Christian who hated what he considered perversions of religious truth; a political man who called himself a Liberal, but was really a romantic crusader for lost causes; a man of passionate convictions who managed to be amusing, generous, and lovable.

Chesterton loved small things—small nations, small holdings, small shops, unimportant people; and he distrusted whatever was large—the British Empire, big business, all wealth and power. Naturally he was a political loser all his life, for when have his causes won any battles in our time? But he put his lost causes into his Father Brown stories, and made them into parables of his vision—of one insignificant man of faith confronting the lunacies, the nightmares, and the follies of the world, and not failing because his faith doesn't fail. And that, I take it, is why we read Father Brown, instead of other, more serious Chesterton books.

Alzina Stone Dale is, by my count, the fourth biographer of Chesterton. In some ways her *The Outline of Sanity: A Biography of G. K. Chesterton* (Eerdmans) is the best—though that is not extravagant praise when you consider the inadequacies of the others. I feared the worst when I saw that she had datelined her acknowledgments "Epiphany 1982," but though she is sympathetic to Chesterton's Catholicism, she doesn't appear to share it, and her book is a good deal less hagiographic than its competitors.

Dale's way of dealing with Chesterton is to place him against the political background of his time. This seems a reasonable method, considering how involved Chesterton was in the issues and scandals of his time—in Liberal Party battles, for example, and the Marconi affair—and how much he had to say about the political movements of his day. Dale has done a lot of work getting the history straight, and a reader of her

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book will get a fairly detailed summary of what was going on in England during the first three decades of this century.

There are some problems in this approach, however. One is that while Chesterton had much to say about politics, he said it mostly as a maverick journalist, from the edge of the action, and not as a politician, from the center. He had no influence on English political history, and none of his political ideas survived him. So it seems an error of balance to give this side of his life and work so much attention.

Another problem is that if you dwell enough on a man's context, the background will become the foreground, and your ostensible subject will disappear. In working so industriously to place Chesterton in history, Dale has achieved what I would have said couldn't be done—she has made Chesterton seem a flat and shadowy figure. Though she is quick to refute other people's theories of his private life, she has no theory of her own as to what he was really like. In the end her Chesterton becomes simply a minor character (though of vast proportions) who lived through major history.

Yet another problem for Dale has been how to control the mountain of facts that she has gathered. Historical summary is a tricky business, and sometimes the carefully looked-up details seem to burst out of control, as in this passage about the situation in 1914:

> The kaiser kept engaging in acts of provocation, as German philosophers talked about war as a "biological necessity." In the background, international financiers of France, Germany, and England, a number of them Jews like Cassel and Ballin, fought each other in world markets for new places in which to invest. (None of those with special interests foresaw a war that would drag on, reducing Europe to secondary world status, destroying her characteristic institutions like the monarchy and the empire, while giving a clear field to "democracy" and women's rights.)

That, I submit, is bad history, bad thinking, and bad prose; there is a fair amount of such congestion in Dale's book. There are also, to make one last point, some strange and wonderful turns of phrase, of which my favorite is: "Young Spender was a lemming." Doesn't that sound like one of Auden's ballads from the 1930s? A small prize is offered to the reader who can complete the poem.

As Dale correctly observes, Chesterton is best understood as a man who was a Liberal and a Christian, and thought that those convictions were really the same. He was one of the last of the old-fashioned Christian radicals who found their politics in the New Testament and thought there was a connection between brotherly love and democracy. That breed is extinct, but it is bracing to recall that there was a time, at least in England, when there was a vigorous Christian Left. Could it arise again, I sometimes wonder, in our own United States? It seems just possible, if one considers that some of the most articulate opposition here to nuclear suicide is coming from a religious source—and of all unlikely groups, from the Catholic bishops. Perhaps Chesterton's convictions, that you don't have to be right-wing to be Christian, and that you don't have to be powerful to be right, have some life in them yet. One can hope.

BRIEF REVIEW

Aristotle to Zoos: A Philosophical Dictionary of Biology by P. B. Medawar and J. S. Medawar

(Harvard University Press, 305 pp., $18.50)

Peter Medawar's scientific essays first appeared in the 1940s, and he remains an important writer, neither a vulgarizer nor a polished and vapid belletrist. Medawar has written with insight about the life and work of the biologist D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson (himself a classicist and a wit), the critical philosophy of Karl Popper, the pretensions of psychotherapy, the differences between science and poesy, about evolutionary theory, embryology, scientific creativity, and of course about immunology, research in which won him a Nobel Prize in 1960. He writes with force (calling psychiatry, for example, "a vast structure of radically unsound design and with no posterity"), though certain recent efforts, like *Advice to a Young Scientist*, lack stride as well as direction. Lately his wife Jean, also a biologist, has appeared on the title page instead of in the acknowledgements. Between them not much biology is strange.

The publisher's inspiration was to get them to write *Aristotle to Zoos*, and the Medawars' was to keep it under three hundred pages. It's handy—"for browsing," they write in the introduction. Actually, "Aristotle" is the twenty-sixth entry, in place after such ditties as "Adaptation," "Antibiotics," and "Archaeopteryx." There are 284 entries in all, and one, "Genetic and Embryologic Terms," contains 41 sub-entries. The quality varies. There are five graceful pages (with graphs and equations) on "Laws of Biological Growth," a pointed editorial on "Animals and Human Obligations," a ho-hum five pages on "Cancer," and three sentences on "Nerve Gases." It's a quirky approach, and mostly they follow through with verve. Sometimes, though, they fall into wisecracking. "Albinism" ends, surprisingly, with an impenetrable goad about taking high doses of Vitamin C, a strategy, they write, which "has its advocates—the two chief of whom, lively octogenarians, are alive at the time of writing."

But with the resolve not to be bullied, you can pick up a treasure of up-to-date information. What's more, in such essays as "Sociobiology," "Reductionism," and "Man's Place in Nature," the Medawars discuss philosophical frameworks and trends of scientific thought.

Although modeled after Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, in sensibility *Aristotle to Zoos* belongs more to the nineteenth century, when "scientist" had not yet replaced "cultivator of science" as the common term and essayists wrote about the ways of modern science in addition to its findings. Consider the Medawars' "Frauds," a two-page essay on a fashionable topic whose significance they are right to underestimate; it closes on the note that scientists should not be quick to replace skepticism with suspicion: "Science could no more prosper under such conditions than could a marriage in which a husband home late from work was invariably met by the words: 'Fornicating again, I'll bet!' "

TERENCE MONMANEY

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CENTRAL EUROPE DIARIST

In the Heart of the Heart of the Continent

THE PLACE to appreciate the Berlin Wall is at the Brandenburg Gate. From a nearby observation platform the Western visitor can gaze across the barrier at the monument to Prussian military victories and the plaza on which it stands, once the center of the most important city in the middle of the world's most powerful continent. The Wall is now what the Gate once was, a symbol of the city's significance. Today it is the place where East and West end but don't meet. The Wall, too, is a monument of sorts, to the two erstwhile allies who made it possible and necessary. But it bears no plaque or other memorial to Hitler and Stalin.

TO PASS THROUGH Checkpoint Charlie from West to East is to leave Germany and enter Eastern Europe. East Berlin has the gray dreariness that is the hallmark of the Second World. The names with historical resonance are there: Friedrichstrasse, Unter den Linden, the Pergamon Museum, Alexanderplatz. And at the government-sponsored Institute of International Affairs, where I go to give a lecture, it is possible to meet sophisticated, well-informed people, the sort who might turn up at a seminar in the West. But not everything in their city is as up to date as they are. East Berlin has about it the air of 1945. The effects of the wartime bombing are still visible. The damaged buildings seem to carry a double message: whatever the people of East Germany think of the political system in which they must live, they have themselves to blame for it—they started the war. And no matter how bad things are now, they could be, and have been, much worse.

THE MEMBERS OF the Czech government's Institute of International Affairs in Prague were a different kind of audience. They came less to listen than to instruct. Senior officials lectured me on the preparations the American government was making for aggressive war against the peoples of Europe. Afterward one of the fiercest of them cornered me and asked why the United States was trying to overthrow his country's social system. The Czech people were determined to hold fast to the blessings of socialism, he told me. I obviously didn't realize how terrible conditions had been there between 1945 and 1948. I replied that it was my understanding that in the last free election before the Communist takeover the Communist vote had declined, and was less than a third of the total. "No, no. In 1948 a majority of the people definitely wanted the change." I asked, "And in 1968?" There was a pause. "That would take a long time to explain."

AH, BUT THEIR TOWN is beautiful. Especially beautiful are the buildings that date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Prague could claim to be the great city of Central Europe. To stand at night on the cobblestones of the five hundred-year-old Charles Bridge, with the broad, smooth Vltava River stretching toward the horizon, the old city with the Charles University on one bank and the spires and turrets of the Hradcany Castle on the other, is to be in a scene from a Grimms' fairy tale. In daylight the magic evaporates. The churches and palaces that are the treasures of Bohemian history are shabby and decaying. They are not being maintained. Neither is the spirit of the country. The events of 1968, the Russian tanks and the purges that followed them, have drained the Czech people of energy and hope. They have, I was told, a fondness for the music, the literature, even the fashions of the 1930s. That was the country's golden age. Then, in 1938, Hitler seized their country in his drive to the East. Stalin's armies occupied it on their way West. Between the two world wars Czechoslovakia was another Switzerland. Now it is more like Albania.

WHERE THE CZECHS were unlucky the Austrians have been fortunate. Vienna is east of Prague, but Western as well as Russian troops got there in 1945, and all of them withdrew with the signing of the 1955 Austrian State Treaty. The country was left politically neutral but part of the West in every other way. The Austrians have a history of coping with Eastern powers. The Belvedere Palace, where the State Treaty was signed, was built for Prince Eugene of Savoy, who led the army that repulsed the Turks in the seventeenth century. The city is at the very center of Europe, and the Viennese have used their location to advantage. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Hapsburgs made it the capital of their sprawling empire, whose multinational character endures in Vienna's cuisine. After the war Vienna played host to the 1961 Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting and to the 1979 summit where SALT II was signed. On the whole, however, Vienna seems to cope with the world outside by ignoring it. The city is festooned with posters announcing cultural events; I didn't see any with a political message. Time seems frozen sometime in the 1890s. The apartments of the old Emperor Franz Joseph, whose sixty-three-year reign ended in 1916, look ready for occupancy. He is certainly more of a presence than the two Viennese who have had the greatest impact on the twentieth century. My taxi driver had never heard of the Freud museum and couldn't find it on a map, although it's only a fifteen-minute walk from the center of town. And as for the man who spent six crucial years there forming his political outlook, left, then returned in triumph in 1938, for all the public notice that is taken of him in Vienna, Adolf Hitler might never have existed.

IN THE FATEFUL year 1938 the British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain declined to go to war to defend Czechoslovakia, which he called "a faraway country" with people "of which we know nothing." For most Americans, his words are still true, not only of Czechoslovakia but of East Germany and Austria as well. Yet these countries do have two important lessons to teach us. One is that geography is destiny. The other is that most of us, most of the time, don't realize how lucky we are.

MICHAEL MANDELBAUM

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Understanding is everything.

In a spontaneous gesture of trust, a chimpanzee in the wilds of Tanzania folds his leathery hand around that of Jane Goodall—sufficient reward for Dr. Goodall's years of patience.

The moment occurred in one of the National Geographic Specials, a series underwritten throughout its nine consecutive years on public television by the Gulf Oil Corporation.

In a sense, it symbolizes what the whole series is about.

Dr. Goodall's quiet triumph grew slowly over years of studying the chimpanzee: from curiosity, to observation and learning, to understanding.

Gulf underwrites the National Geographic Specials in the belief that the same sequence can occur within the vast PBS audience. Our goal is to provoke curiosity about the world and the fragile complexity of its natural order; to satisfy that curiosity through observation and learning; to create an understanding of man's place in the ecological structure, and his responsibility to it—on the simple theory that no thinking person can share in the destruction of anything whose value he understands.

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